

# HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL



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A Historical & Genealogical Society of Central West Virginia

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TABLE OF CONTENTS	PAGE
From Desk of Director	5
Letter from Editor	6
In Memoriam	7
Hacker's Creek, McWhorter's Mill & Jane Lew	10
A Visit to the Law Home	13
The Longs & the Civil War. . . 31 <sup>st</sup> Virginia Infantry	14
Books for Sale	16
Russell Lowther's Memoirs	17
A Brief Bio of Paulser Butcher	18
Butcher Dedication	19
"Stonewall" Jackson & the Butchers	21
Father & Son & the Civil War	24
Have You Tried This	30
A Mayflower Odyssey	31
Looking for a Newspaper?	36
The First "Metro Valley"	36
Autobiography & Franklin Leonard Farnsworth	40
Queries	47
Index	51



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### **Manuscript Submissions**

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For HCPD membership information, see the Membership Form in back of Journal.

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The HCPD office is closed on National, State, and Local Election Days

and on the following holidays:

Good Friday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day,

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## From the Desk

## of the Director



Happy October, Members!

This month is one of my favorites! The weather cools down; the sky has plenty clouds and the trees put on their many color coats. The holiday season follows soon afterwards.

October has been designated “Family History Month” by many organizations for a number of years. It is a perfect time before the hustle-n-bustle of the holiday months to put some energy and attention towards your family history. It is also good time to renew your membership to HCPD if you have not done so. Many of you have not been on the website in awhile, so you forget that dues for membership are due. We do give a grace period, but that will end within 30 days.

Talking about the website, I plan on doing some revamping and offering more information in the coming months. The Sleeth Trading Post, where you can purchase our books and t-shirts needs revamped. The new version will have nice color pictures of our items. Hopeful I will have some new eBooks to be able to download and some cool videos.

We have a Christmas Angel fund raiser now available. The angel is made of gold wire and gold beads created by our own Audrey **BROWN**. It is beautiful! You can hang on the tree or sit on a mantel, and use it year round. It makes a nice memorial to a lost love one or to honor a special family member today. It is certain to become a family heirloom that can be passed down through the ages. You can purchase the angel for \$12.00 on our website or call the office to purchase.

I will update you on all events in the upcoming “Up the Creek” newsletter that comes out in December.

Remember that I’m not a mind reader, so if you have any concerns, complaints or questions then please email me at [hcpd@hackerscreek.com](mailto:hcpd@hackerscreek.com) or call (304) 269-7091 between 10AM-3PM (Mon-Thurs) I will be happy to assist .

Patty

## From the Desk of the Editor

Dear Members:

A number of things, some that were my own personal issues and others were things that no one could control happened this summer. Consequently, this issue which you should have received in September, before the new membership year started on October 1, is a couple of months late. But rest assured, no one is being left out. All members from the 2016-2017 membership year as well as all those who are members for the new 2017-2018 membership year are receiving this issue.

I can only promise you that this issue is chockful of some good reading. . . and some great research pulled together by some of our members.

Speaking of our members. . . I invite each and every one of you to write a story, submit a query or a photo to be used in the Journal. When it comes to writing a story, I would appreciate it if you would contact me prior to writing and submitting it so I can give you some guidelines.

Meanwhile, please accept my personal thanks for your membership in the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants. If you aren't sure of the perks of membership, please write our director Patty Lesondak at [hcpd@hackerscreek.com](mailto:hcpd@hackerscreek.com) or me at [joy41941@frontier.com](mailto:joy41941@frontier.com). We both look forward to hearing from you.

Joy DeFazio

P.S. Have you ever had a light bulb go off in your head and you say, "O my, I think I forgot to include something?" Well, that happened to me just minutes before sending this out to you and to the office to be printed for distribution. I intended to insert a "blurb" in the Journal that there was a second monument dedication since our last issue. . . that being a Schoolcraft moment in Upshur County. Look for a story about that family and the marker in next issue, which, "Good Lord willing and the Creek don't rise," will be out in April.

# In Memoriam

## Hunter McCauley BENNETT

Hunter McCauley **BENNETT** Jr., 90, of Weston passed away at 12:30 p.m. on Thursday, September 1, 2016 at his residence, where his father was born and where he was born on February 9, 1926. He was the son of the late Hunter **BENNETT** and Madge **Hinzman BENNETT**.

The **BENNETT** family is deeply rooted in Lewis County and has had a long-standing presence in Weston, especially within the legal community. Hunter's great-great grandfather, William **BENNETT**, came to Walkersville in 1801. His great grandfather, Jonathan M. **BENNETT**, was a Weston attorney and a Lewis County land investor. His great-grandfather, John Brannon, and his grandfather, William George **BENNETT**, were local circuit judges. His father was also an attorney in Weston. Hunter began practicing law with his father in 1950 and with his daughter in 2010.

Hunter was graduated from the Riverside Military Academy in 1943, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1947, and the Harvard Law School in 1950. He returned to Weston to practice law and was a member of the WV Bar Association for 66 years. In 1956, he was the Democratic nominee for State Senate.

He was married to Winifred **JOYCE** of Hamilton, OH, from 1963-1993. He is survived by two children: Phoebe **BENNETT** and husband, Clive **DAVIES**, of Arlington, VA, and John Jackson **BENNETT** of New York City, NY; three grandchildren: Owen, Hunter, and Cordelia **DAVIES**; and one sister, Mary Bland **BENNETT**, of DeLand, FL. He was preceded in death by one sister, Alice Lee **VANCE**.

Hunter's interests and pastimes were broad and diverse. He enjoyed flying and antique car restoration. He took great pleasure in sharing his extensive knowledge of the history of central West Virginia and local genealogy. He was also a sponsor of the Family Resource Network of Lewis County.

At Hunter's request, his family will have a private burial in the Weston Masonic Cemetery. Expressions of sympathy may be sent directly to his family at PO Box 166 Weston, WV 26452.

## ACE DUNCAN EDKIN

Ace was born at home in Saint Joseph, MO, on 21 September 1937, to George and Flora **MONTGOMERY EDKIN**. He left his earthly home on Friday, 23 June, 2017. He was the youngest of eight children, six of whom grew to adulthood. Ace graduated from Benton High School and followed his three older brothers into the Air Force and was stationed in Greenland, followed by the SAC headquarters. Following his separation he tried on various jobs, and finally ended up in Colorado as a postal carrier where he read an employment circular for hydraulic mechanics for United Airlines. He packed his books into his car and drove to San Francisco in January to begin a working adventure that lasted 25 years. After retirement, he cared for his mother in law, Edith **DOUGLAS**, until she died.

Ace first married Charlotte Marie **STEELE** in Omaha, NB in 1961. In 1973 he married Roxie Ann **HUGHES BRANDON** in Las Vegas, NV. In 1981 he met his match, and he and Barbara **DOUGLAS DIPPEL** were married in Concord, CA. They took their vows seriously and were together until his departure to his heavenly home.

Ace was predeceased by his parents, George and Flora **EDKIN**, his brothers Forest, Ronald, Wayne and George Jr **EDKIN**, and his sisters Mildred **FASCHING** and Phyllis **EDKIN**, and his mother in law, Edith **DOUGLAS**. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, his sister LaReta (Anton "Bill") **SIEVERS** of Rio Vista, his step daughters, Donna **DUFFEY** and Darlene **BEDELL** of Concord, and foster daughter Debi (Edward) **ROGERS** of Logan, UT. He also left behind his two granddaughters, Catherine (Christopher) **GANTZ** of Boise, ID and Michelle (Douglas) **WHITE** of Green Bay, WI. His life was also enriched by his great grandchildren, Michael and Connor **GANTZ**, Savannah and Madison **WHITE**, and the newest child, born 18 days prior to his death, Lawrence **WHITE**.

At his request, there were no services and his remains will be placed with his in laws awaiting Barbara joining them in Cypress Lawn, Colma.

## **HELEN LUCILLE GARRETT**

Helen Lucille (**HALL**) **GARRETT**, 89, of Horse Run, Weston, passed away on Wednesday, January 25, 2017, in Crestview Nursing Home of Jane Lew following an extended illness. She was born in Camden on March 14, 1927, daughter of the late Claude **HALL** and Nell (**WHITE**) **HALL**. On August 4, 1951, she married John Edward **GARRETT**, who preceded her in death on December 17, 1985.

Mrs. **GARRETT** is survived by one daughter, Melinda "Linda" **BAILEY**, and husband Dennis of Jane Lew and two sons: John Thomas **GARRETT** of Weston and Bruce Hall **GARRETT** and wife Clydene of Camden. She is also survived by six grandchildren: Christopher (Carrie ) **BAILEY**, Ted (Jenny) **GARRETT**, Spring **BAILEY** and husband, David **FOX**, Michael (Diana) **GARRETT**, Jil' (Adam) **WOLFE** and Sam **THOMAS**; eight great grandchildren: c, Katie **BAILEY**, J. W. **GARRETT**, Emma **GARRETT**, Jensen **WOLFE**, Gabriella **GARRETT**, Max (Mollie) **WOLFE** and Cooper **FOX** and several nieces and nephews. In addition to her parents and Husband, John, Helen was preceded in death by three brothers, Richard, Phillip and Howard **HALL** and two sisters, Louise **HULL** and Susan **RICHARDSON**. Helen was the last surviving member of her immediate family.

Mrs. **GARRETT** was a retired elementary education teacher with Bachelor of Arts degree in Elementary Education and over 30 years of service. Helen was a lifelong member of the Freemansburg United Methodist Church. Helen went to grades 1-8 at Freemansburg, grades 9-12 at Weston High School and started college at Shenandoah Community College and finished at Glenville State College. She started her teaching career in Logan County for two years and retired from Lewis County at Peterson School. Helen sang at the Gilmer County Folk Festival and fifty years later was a Belle representing Lewis County. Helen and Betty **SORRENTINO** co-authored a book about the life and times of the Freemansburg community.

Helen was active in many organizations including: CEOS, Freemansburg Garden Club, 50 year plus member and past president of the Alpha Delta Kappa, 50 years plus member of the Weston Chapter #40 Order of the Eastern Star, Business and Professional Women, and Sunday school teacher at Freemansburg UM Church where she also sang in the choir and played piano.



She also belonged to several professional organizations including NEW, WVEA, LC Retired Teachers, and LCEA and civic organizations where she was a leader of the Freemansburg Go-Getters 4-H Club and den mother of the Cub Scouts.

If anyone was sick in the community or family, Helen would make homemade soup, sandwiches and milk shakes for them. She would deliver them and visit with them. Helen was one of a kind and never met a person that she did not like.

Helen loved to travel and was blessed to see a lot of the world during her time off from teaching. She traveled to the Holy Land, Russia, Scandinavian countries, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Mexico and Canada.

Family and friends were received at the Hardman-Paletti Funeral Home and services were held there with Reverend Paul **THOMPSON** officiating on Saturday, January 28, 2017. Internment followed at the Weston Masonic Cemetery.



### **Crystal V. WAGONER**

Crystal V. **WAGONER** of Katy, Texas passed away peacefully in her home on Saturday, January 3rd, 2015 at age 95. She was born on September 7th, 1919 in Smith Center, Kansas to parents Clarence Homer **JONES** and Ettie **WATSON JONES**. She is survived by her daughter Cynthia W. **SMITH**, son William L. **WAGONER**, four granddaughters, and one great-grandson. In addition to her parents, she was predeceased by her husband, Marvin L. **WAGONER**.

Cris was a homemaker, avid gardener, accomplished artist, and a genealogist who authored two published books on the subject.

### **Thomas Weldon WHITE**

Thomas Weldon **WHITE**, 75, of Saint Albans, West Virginia, passed away peacefully on Friday, May 26, 2017 at the Hubbard Hospice House in Charleston, West Virginia. Born in Charleston, West Virginia, 20 April 1942 to Virginia **WHEATLEY** and Mathew Weldon **WHITE**, he lived most of his life in Saint Albans. He was a Boy Scout and an Explorer. He graduated from Saint Albans High School in 1960 and from Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in 1965. He was a lifelong member of Saint Andrew United Methodist Church, serving in many positions, and a long time member of Rotary.

Tom dedicated his life to his family, friends and colleagues who could trust and rely upon him. He worked in sales the majority of his career for Honeywell, Perfection and Mason and Barry. He enjoyed being with his family and friends, fishing, developing and practicing his skills in photography, and exploring and recording his family's genealogy. An Amateur Radio operator for over 50 years (K8PFK), he communicated with individuals all over the world.

Tom was preceded in death by his parents and his brother; Timothy Edward **WHITE**.

He is survived by his wife and best friend of 53 years, Jeannie Carroll

(**MARTIN**)**WHITE**; his three children, Melissa **WHITE**, of Charleston, Virginia **SLICER**, son-in-law William **SLICER**, of Charleston and Thomas Weldon **WHITE**, Jr. of Saint Albans. He is also survived by his grandchildren,

Luke Weldon **WHITE** and Sydney Brooke **WHITE** of Saint Albans and William Wheatley **SLICER** and of Charleston; and by his many loving nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

A memorial service will be held on Wednesday, June 7, at 11:00 a.m. at Saint Andrew United Methodist Church, 815 Kanawha Terrace, Saint Albans, West Virginia. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Tom's name to Saint Andrew United Methodist, 815 Kanawha, Saint Albans, WV 25177 or the Hubbard Hospice House, 1606 Kanawha Blvd., Charleston, WV 25387.

Memories of Thomas may be shared by visiting [www.snodgrassfuneral.com](http://www.snodgrassfuneral.com). Snodgrass Funeral Home is assisting the family with these arrangements.

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## **HACKER'S CREEK, MCWHORTER'S MILL AND JANE LEW, WEST VIRGINIA**

by

**Robert F MCWHORTER**

Jane Lew, as it is now named, was one of the first settlements by white men in western Virginia (now West Virginia). The first records of white men in the area relates to the two Pringle brothers that went AWOL from the British Army and took up residence in a large hollow sycamore tree near Buckhannon, in 1765. They lived there for two years until their ammunition ran out and one went to Winchester for salt and gunpowder. He learned that the war was over, returned for his brother and soon thereafter led others to this area.

John **HACKER** was one of the first settlers in 1770, and at first the area was known only as *Hacker's Creek*, then was called "*West's Fort*". Our Henry **MCWHORTER** did not get to this area until 1790. When Henry, Mary and their (then) two sons first came to the area from the east, after spending a couple of years in the Romney area (Loonie's Creek), they first settled on the usual 400 acres of land on McKinney's Run, near what is now McWhorter, WV. He did not come to what is now Jane Lew until 1793 when he thought his family needed to be closer to Beech Fort (then) and built his cabin and the water powered grist mill on Hacker's Creek.

In 1829, 36 years after Henry **MCWHORTER** built his Mill and home, a much needed post office was opened in the area—and history reveals that the Henry **MCWHORTER** Cabin served as that Post Office. It was the third in the county (Harrison at that time) and was given the name "*McWhorter's Mill*". Henry's grandson, Fields **MCWHORTER**, was named as the first postmaster. Fields was 48 when he was first appointed "postmaster". Prior to that time the nearest Post Office was Winchester, VA. The little town, formerly known as Hacker's Creek, continued to operate under the name "McWhorter's Mills" until 1835 when Lewis **MAXWELL**,

a member of the Virginia Congress, laid out the town and named it Jane Lew after his mother, Jane **LEWIS**". It has the distinction of being the only town of that name in the world.

The town was not incorporated until 1907 and was at that time a much larger thriving community complete with hotels, a Harness Shop operated by John H. **LAKE**, numerous retail stores, the B & O Railroad Depot, schools and numerous small businesses.

In the early 1900's the Monongahela West Penn Public Service Company expanded their electric trolley service from the Morgantown-Fairmont-Clarksburg branch to initiate a route south to Weston. The route was through Mt. Clare and Lost Creek before ending for a time at Jane Lew while the construction of the line south to Weston was being completed. During this relatively short period of time a horse drawn stage-coach service was provided between Jane Lew and Weston. The line was later completed to Weston via Jackson's Mill and Deanville.

The trolley system was a major contributor to Jane Lew's economy and provided an inexpensive form of transportation for its citizens to travel to work and to schools as well as a way to visit both Weston and Clarksburg for shopping and entertainment. The company also provided freight service to the area to supplement that provided by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was then possible to travel from Morgantown to Weston via the electric trolley system with transfers at Fairmont and Clarksburg.. The service was disbanded in 1949 due to the emerging popularity of the automobile and improved highways. It was replaced for a short time by the City Lines Bus Service.

Jane Lew High School opened in 1914. It was the first to be built with public funds. It had two floors with 4 rooms on each floor and had a total of 45 students that first year. It is interesting to note that the largest class to graduate from the High School was 36 in 1936. My class of 1947 graduated 20. In 1964, the year that Betty Ann (**MCWHORTER**) **WARD** and Randall **NICHOLSON** graduated, the number of graduates was then 25, and they closed the school two years later in 1966 when Lewis County consolidated the three High Schools (Weston Jane Lew and Walkersville) into one—Lewis County.

The 2010 census listed 406 people living in Jane Lew. 194 Males and 215 females. 361 elementary students attended the only school in Jane Lew. The 2010 census indicated 40% of the population were Methodist, 25% Catholic and 19% were Baptist.

Other points of interest at Jane Lew include:

1. The Pioneer Cemetery where more than 50 men, women and children were buried in the 1780s and 1790s—many having been killed by Indians.
2. The site of Fort West. A protective log structure named after the first settlers in the area—the West family. Many of this family are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery. This fort was built atop a small hill near the Pioneer cemetery in the mid 1770s and burned ten years later—before our Henry **MCWHORTER** and his family arrived in the area in 1790. A new fort was constructed somewhat closer to the center of the population at that

time, and was named “Beech Fort” apparently named for the trees whose logs were used for its construction. That name was not often used, and many residents continued to refer to it as “West’s Fort”. Contrary to popular belief, the Henry **MCWHORTER** cabin and its residents did not live near West’s Fort. It burned almost 10 years before Henry and his family arrived in 1790. The above mentioned Beech Fort was built closer to his home.—not on the original West Fort site—and was reported to have been used as a community center, school, church, post office as well as a protector from Indian raids.

3. The original location of the Henry **MCWHORTER** Cabin, built by Henry **MCWHORTER** in 1793 was near the stream named Hacker’s Creek. Hackers Creek supplied water power for the grist-mill and saw-mill. The cabin was originally constructed near Hacker’s Creek, which was rerouted some years later. A sawmill was added a few years later. The original site of the cabin is just behind the **COLE** home (formerly the **JACKSON**’s then the **NEELY**’s), large two-story home just across Rt. 19 from the Jane Lew Hotdog Shop.

Henry was later forced to sell the cabin and mill and it finally became the property of the **JACKSON** family—who later donated it back to the **MCWHORTER** family—on the condition that it be moved and restored and become a monument to the area’s pioneer ancestors. It was moved to Jackson’s Mill in 1927, primarily through the efforts of Minnie S. **MCWHORTER**. It may be of interest to note that the gathering of **MCWHORTER**s for the dedication of the cabin in 1927 marked the first annual **MCWHORTER** reunion which is celebrated each July —now 90 years later.

## A VISIT TO THE LAW HOME

by Leonard DAVIS



Great great grandson, Craig **DAVIS**, is standing in the above picture taken by his dad, Leonard **DAVIS**, great grandson of Marshall **WELLINGTON**, “Charlie” and Margaret Deborah **RAMSBURG LAW**.

When Craig and I visited the **LAW** home site in April 1984, the buildings had collapsed and were in total ruin with the remains of the house shown above in the heap of debris in the upper middle part of the picture. However, the yellow daffodils continued to bloom putting forth their best effort to make the surroundings pretty with their radiant golden color just like they had done perennially since they were planted on an unknown day countless years ago by a now nameless person.

To many people the daffodil is a symbol of longevity since it continues to produce the colorful flowers even though there are no longer residents to care for them. Many former home sites are identifiable from the thriving flowers although all other traces of life are no longer visible. The once useful structures have disappeared, and the untiring plants remain as the final remnants of the bustling life that once called the deserted landscape home. To passersby, they call out a reminder of existence of life that used to be here and are relentless in their quest to retell an anthology of favorite stories. However, sorrowfully no one seems to care to listen to their intriguing tale until the family historians come by toting pencil and paper along with a camera to snap a picture as a tribute to the long-gone progenitors who remain a link to former generations of ancestors. Although only one cluster of bloom shows in the picture, there were several tufts of daffodils scattered throughout the scene that would have been the yard when the

Laws lived there. Once again the current botanical residents were ecstatic to have company paying a visit, and they nodded their gaudy heads in the breeze and bade us welcome.

## **John W Long and Lafayette Long** **Their Civil War Service in Company G, 31<sup>st</sup> Virginia Infantry** by George D LONG

In order to fully understand and get a concept of the military service of John W. **LONG** and Lafayette **LONG**, two sons of James **LONG** and Elizabeth (**VANCE**) **LONG**, we have to create a chronology with what data is available. There are blanks in the story as well as many questions. It is certain that there are many and most, if not all, may always remain unanswered.

The story passed down through the family was that John left home to go to the store at Rock Cave, Upshur County, WV and never returned. However, we find in his military records that he returned home sick on a few occasions. I am sure having a brother fighting side by side was perhaps a relief but in this instance was what was known might happen in a time of war, but something you wouldn't dwell on when facing the enemy.

The 1860 Census of Pocahontas County, W.Va., enumerated on August 2, 1860, lists John W. **LONG**, age 21, and brother Lafayette **LONG**, 19, working as laborers on the farm of Uriah **HEVENER**. **HEVENER** was 38 years; and his wife, Martha J., was 28; their three daughters were: Mary E, 7; Elizabeth A., 4; and Rachel P. 2. Also in the household were: Emily **GILLISPIE**, a domestic, age 22; Robert A. **GUM**, age 19; and James Hicks age 16. **GUM** and **HICKS** were both laborers. The real estate value for **HEVENER**'s farm was listed as \$30,000 and personal property of \$11,450. He had a large estate of about 2600 acres Uriah joined the Confederate army and was captured and sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio on April 12, 1862. He sought amnesty in a letter to President Andrew **JOHNSON**, December 6, 1865, saying he had been confined thru the war and was 44 years old, married and had four children. He took the oath of allegiance to the United States in 1865. (See Fold3.com for records) For an additional interesting article *See Pocahontas Times, HEVENER Acres—a four generation Legacy, published in 2014 by Suzanne Stewart* which includes a photo of the home and Uriah **HEVENER** Sr.

Two years after the census was taken, the brothers, John and Lafayette both joined the 31<sup>st</sup> Regiment, Company G, Virginia Infantry, Confederate States of America.

John W **LONG** was enlisted May 29, 1861, at Green Bank, now WV, for service of one year, by J.C. **ARBOGAST**. His muster roll record for July and August 1861 list him as present, but "absent without leave six days from July 24, Home and sick". Brother Lafayette **LONG** was enlisted on March 17, 1862, at Allegheny by **ARBOGAST** for three years, age 17, 6 feet tall, dark complexion, hazel eyes, light hair, a farmer whose residence was Upshur County. Lafayette was listed as AWOL on June 21, 1862. John was listed for September 1862, "Absent sick".

John and Lafayette were last paid to December 31, 1863 by Captain **HILL**. On March 31, 1864, John W. **LONG** is on the Receipt Roll for clothing issued for first quarter of 1864. The same Receipt Roll lists Lafayette as being issued clothing on February 26, 1864 as well as on the Receipt Roll for the 2nd Quarter of 1864 for clothing received on April 20, 1864. The last Muster Roll record is April 30 to August 30, 1864 dated August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1864. John was killed in action on the 5 of May. (See map and text box below.)



Seven days later on May 12, Lafayette was listed as MWIA<sup>1</sup>. He is later listed as r captured on June 27, 1864, at Beverly by the Union; he took the oath and was released.

From a description of the fighting at the Wilderness on 5<sup>th</sup> of May, 1864 as written by John M. **ASHCRAFT** in his book titled *31<sup>st</sup> Virginia Infantry*, page 63, says:

*“The 5<sup>th</sup> of May was a beautiful spring day for such bloody work in Virginia Wilderness. At 8:00a.m Pegram moved rapidly in the direction of the Wilderness with **EARLY**’s division bringing up the rear of **EWELL**’s Second Corps. The battle began with **EARLY** across the Old Orange Turnpike west of the Wilderness Tavern.. **GORDON**, on the pikes right, advanced first as **WARREN**’s Federal attack began. The 31<sup>st</sup> Virginia hastily began throwing up breastworks. A great many Federal wounded and prisoners began filtering through. **WARREN** was being repulsed. **HAYS** went to **JOHNSON**’ left, moved forward one-half mile, and encountered a strong Federal Force. Through gross communication errors, most of the 25<sup>th</sup> Virginia was entrapped and captured. Just at nightfall a very heavy counterattack was made on their attack and repulse, the brigade lost General **PEGRAM** with a severe leg wound; Col. **HOFFMAN** was given brigade command and Major W.P. **COOPER** took command of the 31<sup>st</sup> Virginia. The 31<sup>st</sup> Virginia had lost two killed, six wounded, two missing and two prisoners. Among them were Lt. (?) J.W. **LONG**, killed; Martin **MOHR**, J.B.M. **PULLIN**, and John **RECTOR**, wounded; Lem **MARKS**, wounded and captured; and John **DOYLE** and Jim **SPENCER**, prisoners.”*

### **Lafayette Long’s military records:**

Lafayette enlisted on March 17, 1862 at Camp Alleghany by Capt. Arbogast for a period of 3 years. He was 17 years old, 6 ft in height, hazel eyes, and light hair. Listed as a farmer, born in Bath Co. VA.

Report of prisoner of war, rebel deserter, and refugees received at Hdqtrs. Forces west of the Piedmont, Res. Div. Dept. W.Va. Clarksburg, W.Va. July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1864.

Captured on July 27, 1864 at Beverly, W.Va. by Captain **HOGAN**, Brigade: Pegrams — released July 27, 1864 after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Provost Marshall Office Clarksburg W.Va. July 30, 1864 Respectfully forwarded

Provost Marshall ‘s Office Clarksburg W.Va. July 28, 1864

Liet. C.F.A. **YHARLING** A.P.M.

Sir: The following is the statement of Lafayette **LONG** a deserter from the Rebel Army. He says he belonged to **EWELL**’s Corp which is now commanded by Gen. **EARLY**, he says the Army was at Brownsburg, Rockbridge Co. when he deserted it. Says the Army was in bad condition the men were broken down and was struggling off to their homes to rest and did not intend on joining the army again if they could help it. He says they had plenty of bread and meat to eat and tolerable good clothing, when he left the army was going down the valley to Martinsburg, said Early had about 10,000 men and was reinforced at Stanton with 20,000 more,

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<sup>1</sup> Missing wounded in action

say he was at Lynchburg when Gen. **HUNTER** made the attack but was not in the fight, says they followed **HUNTER** to Brownsburg, Rockbridge County then they went back.

Very Respectfully,  
Benjamin S. **CUNNINGHAM**  
Lieut. and A.P.M.

From the muster roll records for Lafayette;

Receipt for clothing for 1<sup>st</sup> Quarter 1864, Date of issue, Feb 19, 1864. Also appears for receipt of clothing dated, Feb 26, 1864.

Muster roll records for April 30, to August 1864, dated August 3, 1864, listed as Absent without leave since about 25<sup>th</sup> June.

With Lafayette's return home, I am sure he was returning with the grief of having lost a brother. Carrying the thoughts of his brother's death with him for the rest of his lifetime was not easy. According to historic records pertaining to the Battle of the Wilderness, the fighting was in a thicket and the woods caught on fire and burned many of those that were wounded already and could not move. The cries of the dying must have been a horrible thing to have endured.

We read stories of the upper military divisions of the famous commanders in our history books. Even more detailed reading produces a clearer picture of what transpired. Since the battles in which men fought are not listed in the muster rolls, it is hard to create a perfect chronology of their location during their service.

Somewhere in Virginia lies the unknown location of John W **LONG**, perhaps in a mass grave of casualties. Brother Lafayette returned home and married twice and raised a families which today carry on the legacy of his name.

## **BOOKS FOR SALE NOT ON SLEETH TRADING POST**

These are a few new books we have for sale that are not listed in Sleeth Trading Post. Please call (304)269-7091 or email [hcpd@hackerscreek.com](mailto:hcpd@hackerscreek.com) to purchase.

- Genealogy of **THOMAS HALL** by Septimius **HALL**

This is a small paperback book with added notes, pictures, documents on the **HALLs**, Regers and other early settlers of Volga, Barbour County, WV. 60 pages. \$3.00

- The Immobile Man by Lud **GUTMANN**, MD

Tells of some cases of neurologist Lud **GUTMANN**, Md of WVU Health Sciences Center. Paperback, 132 pages, \$14.95

- Their Name Means Medicine: The story of the **MYER's** Family by Barbara **SMITH**

Barbour Countians are familiar with the **MYER's** family and clinic. Tells this medical family's story in pictures and words, especially their impact on people far and wide., Paperback, 132 pages. \$15.00

- Glenville by Randall M. **LUZADER**

Stories of Glenville area and its people. Paperback, 110 pages \$10.00

- Mountain Midwife by Vickie Osborne **BROWN**

Tells of a midwife living in the hills of WV during the 1920-1940's. She rode horseback through the mountains to attend babies and illness. Paperback, 150 pages, \$12.95



## EXCERPTS FROM RUSSELL LOWTHER'S MEMOIRS

Submitted by Dewayne and Ginnie **LOWTHER**

**KENNEDY STATION:** Kennedy Station, where we moved from Ellenboro late in October of 1925, when I was 13 years of age, was located along Freeman's Creek in Lewis County, approximately two miles north of Jackson's Mill, West Virginia. The Station itself, including the large pump-house, machine shop, utility buildings, tanks, warehouses, pipe yards, offices and other installations was located on the west side of the town. At the time we moved there it was one of the largest stations of its kind in the world. I believe it was regarded as the third largest.

The company houses where the employees lived were located in a level bottom across the creek from the station to the east and covered approximately 75 or 80 acres of houses where approximately thirty-five or forty families lived. Here also were located the general store, which included within it the Valley Chapel Post Office, and on the hill above the town to the east was the coal-tipple. On a hill to the northeast and overlooking the town was the school-house. Along the road below the houses near the general store and Post Office was the United Brethren Church, the only church of the community. Here I would before too long from this time, be licensed as a Lay Minister.

The sights and sounds of Kennedy Station linger in my memory like the echo of great steam locomotives rumbling through a canyon along a turbulent river. By day and night the station carried forward its appointed tasks amid mingled sounds of throbbing engines, hissing steam and the sound of thunder which resulted from the loading and unloading of coal from the tipple on the hill to the boiler room of the Station. The Station was shrouded most of the time in a dense black smoke and clouds of vapor and steam. Steam belched constantly and with a monotonous puffing rhythm from several large exhaust pipes jutting out across the creek from the giant engine room of the pumping station. The exhaust pipes, being parallel to each other, and elevated at one end, reminded me of cannons on a battleship aiming for the hillside and over the top of a giant network of coiled cooling pipe and across the county road. At times steam from the exhaust pipes created a rapid-fire sequence of violent thrusts as though each pipe was trying to outdo the other in blowing steam the greatest distance toward the hill before the atmosphere overcame their efforts. Often in winter the mist from the exhausted steam would freeze in a blanket of white frost on the brush against the hillside above the station.

Adding to the sound of hissing steam and throbbing engines were the dumping of coal cars at brief intervals from an overhead cable car track which came down to the station from the tipple on the hill. Although the station was a Gas Compressing Station at the time we moved there, the boilers were still being fired by coal. The Company owned its own coal mine on the hill above the station and carried the coal to the station by use of a continuously moving cable track supporting several coal cars, each car carrying approximately a half ton of coal, and suspended on the track high in the air all the way to the station from the tipple. When each car was dumped into the station, it sounded like thunder in a violent storm. Each car would then return upside down on the cable track on a lower level. A protective shelter was constructed over the county road to protect the traffic from being killed by coal that accidentally fell from the moving cars overhead.

## A BRIEF BIO OF PAULSER BUTCHER

Paulser's parents, Georg Valentin **METZGER** and Marie Elisabetha **KIEPPERT METZGER**, immigrated from Germany arriving in the New World in September of 1749. They settled in Frederick County, Maryland: Paulser was born Jan 26, 1753, and was baptized March 3, 1753 at the Frederick Evangelical Lutheran Church, Frederick, MD in 1753. There is no record of the family moving to Augusta County, VA, from Frederick County, Maryland, but it may have been as early as 1754. At that time Augusta County went from the present state of Virginia to Ohio River.

The name **METZGER** was changed to **BUTCHER** sometime in the early 1750's. **METZGER** means **BUTCHER** when translated to English.

Paulser married Elizabeth **BUSH**, daughter of George Adam **BUSH** in 1773, Paulser and Elizabeth were the parents of thirteen children.

In 1774 "Paulser served in the military in Lord **DUNMORE'S** War. **DUNMORE'S** War was a conflict between the Colony of Virginia and the Native Americans of the Ohio Valley. Following increased raids and attacks on the frontiersman in this region, the Royal Governor of Virginia, Lord **DUNMORE**, organized a large force of militia and marched to Fort Pitt arriving at the end of August 1774.

**DUNMORE** also ordered Colonel Andrew **LEWIS**, commander of the southwestern Virginia militia, to raise an army in the south and meet Dunmore along the Ohio River. **LEWIS** formed militia companies from western Virginia. After Colonel **LEWIS'** victory at the battle of Pt. Pleasant. **DUNMORE'S** forces traveled along the Hocking River northward to Camp Charlotte and meet Colonel **LEWIS'** men there. They successfully negotiated a peace treaty with Chief **BLUE JACKET'S** chiefs that prevented the Delaware, Mingo and Shawnee from settling or hunting south of the Ohio River".

On the 1774 payroll list of Captain William **LOWTHER** for the 1774 Lord Dunmore's War which culminated in the Battle of Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774,. the unit appears to be composed of men drawn from the area that would become Harrison County. "Paul **BUTCHER**, 132 days service and he received \$9.18.

Balthasar **METZGER**/Paulser **BUTCHER** also was a spy for a Ranger Company commanded by Capt. James **BOOTH** in 1777-78 during the Revolutionary War. Elizabeth received \$104.00 from the Virginia House of Delegates in 1834 for her husband's service in the war. This is after Paulser had passed away.

Paulser and Elizabeth built their home at the mouth of Maxwell Run on the West Fork River. It was a large log building which is now covered with wood sliding. The main square of the building had four rooms down and the same up

Nov 9, 1804 Paulser received a land grant of 150 acres on the West Fork from the State of Virginia

Oct 11, 1805 Paulser along with John **WEBSTER** received 558 1/2 acres between Gee Lick Run and Polk Creek from the State of Virginia

July 1, 1817 Paulser received 78 acres of land on both sides of Sycamore Fork, from the State of Virginia

Feb 18, 1820 Paulser received 100 acres on both sides of Polk Creek from the State of Virginia..

It is believed Paulser was a man strong in character, aggressive and what would be considered a leading businessman in his day. He was a charter member of the town of Flesherville, later called Preston and finally Weston. It is believed that Paulser became blind in his later years. He died in 1829



## DEDICATION OF A NEW MARKER FOR PAULSER BUTCHER

The dedication of the new marker in Butcherville Cemetery for Revolutionary War Veteran Pvt. Paulser **BUTCHER** was held on May 13, 2017. The day started off with rain in the early morning hours; but the rain stopped and eventually the sun came out.

A special thanks goes to the fourteen Boy Scouts from Troop 549 from West Milford, WV who helped clean the dirt that had been splashed on the new monument from the rain, and the passing out of the programs as citizens entered the cemetery.

The program started as West Virginia State Color Guard Commander Compatriot Ed Cromley lead the Color guard into the ceremony and the colors were presented and were placed behind the new monument. Flags presented were the Fifty Star United States Flag, 13 star Flag, West Virginia Flag, Ohio Flag, Sons of the American Revolution Flags, Marietta Chapter Flag, Don't Tread on Me Flag and the Bunker Hill Flag.

Color Guards taking part were: the West Virginia Sons of the American Revolution Color Guard, Pt Pleasant SAR Color Guard, Captain James Neal Chapter SAR Color Guard from Parkersburg, West Virginia, Marietta, Ohio SAR Color Guard, and the Color Guard from Boy Scout Troop 549. The SAR Pledge was repeated by the audience, followed by Scout **SHUTTLEWARIN** from Boy Scout troop 549 leading the Pledge of Allegiance, and Evangelist Rick **BECK** from the Weston church of Christ gave the Invocation.

Bob **FISH**, Vice President General Elect of the Central District (West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana) SAR welcomed everyone and talked about the soldiers of this time period. Christina **RUMBACH**, regent of the Trans-Allegheny Chapter of DAR, welcomed everyone to Weston.

The following officers for SAR and DAR were introduced: Ruth **MOONEY** -- Elk Chapter NSDAR; WVDAR State Chairman of Chapter Development and Revitalization Program; Marilyn Susie **RODGERS**; Ohio Valley Chapter NSDAR, WV State Corresponding Secretary; Christina **RUMBACH**, -Regent of the Trans-Allegheny Chapter NSDAR; Joe **KHARNE**, WV State Vice President general NSSAR; Bob **FISH**, Vice President General Elect for the Central District of NSSAR; Ed **CROMLEY**, NSSAR WV State Color Guard Commander; Ted **COX**, James Neal Chapter Color Guard Commander; Steve **FRASH**, Marietta, Ohio Chapter President and Color Guard Commander.

Larry **BUTCHER**, a member and secretary of the Marietta, Ohio SAR Chapter gave the keynote speech on the life of Paulser **BUTCHER** and his military service, the history of the

cemetery and how the marker for Paulser had deteriorated and been replaced with a slab of concrete with a bronze plate on it.

Wreaths were then presented by WV State SAR, Central District SAR, James Neal Chapter SAR, Pt Pleasant Chapter SAR, Trans Allegheny Chapter DAR, Marietta Chapter SAR, and Larry **BUTCHER**. A twenty-one gun salute was given by the West Virginia Honor Guard under the command of Compatriot Ed **CROMLEY**, followed by the taps played by Morgan **DOLLY**, a trumpet player with the Glenville State College band.

After the audience repeated the SAR Recessional, State Color Guard Commander Ed **CROMLEY** retired the colors, Evangelist Rick **BECK** gave the Benediction.

There were several descendants of Paulser **BUTCHER** in attendance and following the ceremony a meal was enjoyed at the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants Genealogy and History Library.



Front Row: Unknown; Unknown; Jaxon **ELSIA** ,from Illinois (Valentine Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Jessica Huff **ELSIA**, from Illinois (Valentine Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Sharon **SUAREZ**, from Maryland (John Anderson **BUTCHER**); Melissa Huff **CRUTCHFIELD**, from Illinois (Valentine Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Christina **RUMBAUGH**, from West Virginia (John Anderson **BUTCHER**); Alan **HUFF**, from Illinois (Valentine Jefferson **BUTCHER**). Back Row: Jason **BUTCHER**, from Tennessee (George Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Debra **BUTCHER SHAVER**, from Maryland (George Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Larry **BUTCHER**, from West Virginia (George Jefferson **BUTCHER**); Tim **BUTCHER**, from West Virginia (George Jefferson **BUTCHER**).

# **“Stonewall” Jackson & the Lewis County. (West) Virginia Butchers**

**by**

Edward B. **BUTCHER**, MA<sup>2</sup>

“Stonewall” **JACKSON**’s military career was closely connected to the Lewis County Paulser **BUTCHER**’s descendants. Paulser’s son Valentine continued farming in Lewis County although he moved for a period of time to Indiana Territory, but returned for unknown reasons to Lewis County. Paulser **BUTCHER**’s grandson (Valentine’s son) Isaac grew up on a Lewis County farm in the **BUTCHER**ville community on Gee Run near Jackson’s Mill where the orphan Thomas **JACKSON** (of later “Stonewall **JACKSON**” fame as a Confederate general) was raised by his uncle Henry **JACKSON**—a wealthy local businessman.

According to **BUTCHER** oral history accounts, the **JACKSON**s were friends of the **BUTCHER**s. An interesting **BUTCHER** oral history account describes the young Thomas **JACKSON** as being an excellent jockey and in demand for area horse races. The **BUTCHER**s raised horses and probably raced them in local competition. Young **JACKSON**’s reported skilled horsemanship is ironic since several “Stonewall” biographers have characterized General **JACKSON** (based on contemporary accounts) during the military campaigns as being “gangly,” “awkwardly slouching in the saddle,” and etc. as he rode in the Civil War military engagements—often “sleeping in the saddle” and sucking on the perpetual lemon (he reportedly considered lemons medicinal).

All of the discussions and accounts of “Stonewall” **JACKSON** have provided a very human component to this highly religious and introverted man. Most interesting is the “back story” of how Thomas **JACKSON** managed to enter the military. Although **JACKSON**’s career itself is well documented, there has been little written about the “**BUTCHER** Family Connection.”

The **BUTCHER** family was a critical component in young Thomas **JACKSON**’s path into his glorious military career. It all began when both Thomas **JACKSON** and Paulser **BUTCHER**’s grand-son (Gibson **BUTCHER**) were among the candidates applying for an appointment to West Point military college. The relatively better educated Gibson **BUTCHER** scored highest on the Cadet Application examination. In contrast **JACKSON** reportedly scored at the bottom of the group of applicants. Consequently, Gibson **BUTCHER** received the coveted appointment to the West Point Military Academy from the Congressman representing Lewis County region of Northwest Virginia.

This was a great disappointment to Thomas **JACKSON** who as an orphan considered the Military academy as his only opportunity for a poor west Appalachian boy to get a college education. **JACKSON** considered a college education as an avenue for this extremely gifted young man to escape a future life as a “laborer” in rural Virginia. However, Thomas **JACKSON**’s story did not end at this juncture even though he did not appear to have an opportunity to realize his shattered dream of a college education! By most contemporary accounts, **JACKSON** appeared to be an introverted frontier country boy who had minimal social skills, but great intellect.

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<sup>2</sup> Mr. **BUTCHER**’s address is: 7550 **BUTCHER** Road, Winifred, MT 594895



The sequence of events enabling Thomas **JACKSON** to finally, not only end up with an appointment, but actually graduate and begin a spectacular military career is a fascinating tale.

Gibson **BUTCHER** rode off to West Point, New York on track for a military career with the appearance of a bright future. Gibson was 3<sup>rd</sup> generation member of the locally well-known **BUTCHER** family who had served admirably in the American Revolution as well as apparently members of the Virginia Militia unit which came to the rescue of Daniel **BOONE**'s Kentucky outpost when it appeared to be hopelessly besieged by Ohio Territory Indians who resented the intrusion into their prized hunting lands south of the Ohio River.

The patriarch of the **BUTCHER** family was Paulser, a recognized skilled Indian fighter--one of the first "Over Mountain" illegal settlers West of the Allegany's. Paulser's reputation was enhanced as a ranger serving in Capt. Lewis' Militia unit in N.W. Virginia protecting the Ohio River settlers from British and Indian attacks during the Revolutionary War. Paulser was acclaimed during the post-Revolutionary period in the Congressional Record for his meritorious service to General Washington in blocking the British military excursions against the Ohio Valley settlers in Western Virginia.

Subsequently, there are also indications during the War of 1812 of continuing a military tradition as Paulser and several of his sons appear to have probably served under General Andrew **JACKSON** as members of the Virginia Militia unit which traveled down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to participate in the Battle of New Orleans. The **BUTCHERS**' active service in the Lewis County militia is indicated by fines in 1816 against Paulser's son Valentine for missing a couple of militia drills.

Gibson **BUTCHER** was continuing the tradition of Lewis County **BUTCHERS**' military service. However, according to several historical accounts, Gibson reported to West Point and then unexplainably left abruptly for home the following day. This independent son of the Virginia frontier may have simply rejected the ridged structure of the National military academy since there is evidence throughout the generations of **BUTCHERS** of a "type-A" independent personality.

Returning to Lewis County, Gibson stopped at Henry **JACKSON**'s residence and encouraged Thomas **JACKSON** to re-apply for the now vacant cadet slot at West Point. The **BUTCHERS** and other Lewis County residents wrote letters of recommendation for **JACKSON**'s appointment. Thomas immediately rode to Washington D.C. to meet with the District Congressman. Reportedly, the Congressman was irritated at his initial appointee's abrupt resignation and agreed to submit the tenacious Thomas **JACKSON** as a late appointment to the Academy.

**JACKSON** arrived and was rated near the bottom of this class (97<sup>th</sup> of 99) which included future officers and generals on both sides of the War Between the States. Indications that **JACKSON** may have been only marginally literate forced the determined young frontiersman to self-instruction after "lights out" to achieve West Point academic standards. He succeeded in making the cut to the ultimate class of 50 Cadets at the end of his second year as 47<sup>th</sup> of the 50 finalists. When he graduated he had moved to 7<sup>th</sup> in the class and some biographers have speculated that with an additional year, he might have reached the top of the class ahead of the future Union commander George McClellan who graduated number one in the class.

Thomas **JACKSON**'s memorable success as an artillery officer during key battles of the Mexican War and his role as a General Robert E. **LEE**'s "right arm" during the Civil war would

never have occurred if Gibson **BUTCHER** had not resigned his West Point Commission! The ebb and flow of historical events often hinge on one decision or event. **JACKSON** instead of **BUTCHER** commanding the key unit which turned the tide of the first battle of Bull Run resulted in Thomas **JACKSON** acquiring the title “Stonewall **JACKSON**” resulting in a bloody four year war rather than a quick and decisive victory for the Union Army over the out-maned, “rag-tag” Confederate Army, began the reputation that the Confederate Army possessed a superior officer corp, until General **LEE** lost “Stonewall” **JACKSON** at Chancellorsville--**LEE**’s “right arm!”

### **Brief biography of Edward BUTCHER**

Mr. **BUTCHER** was a history professor for ten years before under-taking a business and political career and is proud to claim the opportunity, during graduate school, to have studied Southern History under the renown national historian (and Stonewall **JACKSON** biographer) James I. **ROBERTSON** during Prof. **ROBERTSON**’s brief tenure teaching at the University of Montana prior to Dr. **ROBERTSON** returning to academic positions in his native Virginia.

Sen. **BUTCHER** has retired to his Montana ranch, after serving in the Montana Legislature, to research **BUTCHER** family history. He has just acquired over twenty boxes of **BUTCHER** family information, collected during a 50 year period by long-time resident Athens, W.V. Author J. **BUTCHER** from his son, Prof. Jared **BUTCHER** of Ohio State University, to organize and compile for Sen. **BUTCHER**’s research. There is extensive confusion and speculation regarding the **BUTCHER**s of Lewis County during the early decades of the 1800s. Ed **BUTCHER** would greatly appreciate communicating with other descendants of the early Lewis County West Virginia **BUTCHER**s in an effort to identify and clarify members of specific **BUTCHER** families. Sen. **BUTCHER** can be reached at 406-462-5615 or e-mail: [senatorBUTCHER@gmail.com](mailto:senatorBUTCHER@gmail.com).

# A Father and Son from West Virginia and the Civil War that Divided Them

by David W. **POWELL**<sup>3</sup>

This is a brief history of John Franklin **POWELL** of Gilmer County and his father William Henry **POWELL**. These family members would find themselves on opposite sides during the Civil War, yet would become neighbors and close family again after that great conflict. Both would leave a large number of descendants in central West Virginia.



*John F. **POWELL** and Wife Delilah **ALLTOP POWELL***

The first written record of John Franklin **POWELL** is in the census of 1850 of Taylor County, VA. The family of William Henry **POWELL** is listed as: William H. **POWELL**, age 26; Sarah **POWELL**, age 24; Mary **POWELL**, age 6; John **POWELL**, age 4; Granville **POWELL**, age 1; Theodore **POWELL**, age 0; Granville **ROE**, age 22

William Henry **POWELL** was the son of Reuben **POWELL** and Eleanor **BAILEY**, both of which resided in Harrison County, VA. They lived near Berry's Run and Simpson's Creek outside of Bridgeport. William **POWELL** was born in Harrison County on June 4, 1824. The Sarah **POWELL** listed in the 1850 census is Sarah Ann **ROE**<sup>4</sup>, the daughter of James **ROE** and Jane **CATHER**. The Granville **ROE** living with the family is Sarah Ann **ROE POWELL**'s brother.

John Franklin **POWELL** was born on March 21, 1846 in Taylor County which was of course originally a portion of Harrison County. By 1860 he was located in the household of William **POWELL** and Sarah Ann **ROE** in Gilmer County, WV since they had relocated after 1850.

In the 1860 census we find the family in the Steer Creek District of Gilmer County as follows<sup>5</sup>:

William H. **POWELL**, age 36, born in Harrison County  
Sarah Ann **POWELL**, age 34, born in Harrison County  
Mary Elizabeth **POWELL**, age 16, born in Taylor County  
John F. **POWELL**, age 14, born in Taylor County  
Granville **POWELL**, age 12, born in Taylor County  
Theodore J. **POWELL**, age 10, born in T Taylor **AYLOR** County

This will be the last record of Sarah Ann **ROE POWELL** living. As discussed below, she dies in the fall of 1864 during the Civil War.

<sup>3</sup> The author David W. **POWELL** can be reached at [dpowell@sytekconsultants.com](mailto:dpowell@sytekconsultants.com)

<sup>4</sup> Sarah Ann **ROE** is the granddaughter of John **ROE**, a Revolutionary War soldier and pensioner.

<sup>5</sup> The family of William H. **POWELL** is the last entry on the 1860 Census for Gilmer County.



We next see John F. **POWELL** volunteering as a private with Company K, 19<sup>th</sup> VA Cavalry, CSA on May 19, 1863, a little less than 2 months before the Battle of Gettysburg. He would serve under Lieutenant Colonel William “Mudwall” **JACKSON**<sup>6</sup>. It appears that John



Franklin **POWELL** would serve under the command of Lieutenant Lewis **ALLTOP**, who we will hear about again.

The National Archives has several military records for John F. **POWELL**. For example, there are receipts for a blanket issued to him on June 14, 1864. From the preserved records we can learn that John F. **POWELL** was mustered in on May 19, 1863. He was captured outside Leesburg, VA on July 15, 1864 (with his new blanket?) by the 1<sup>st</sup> NY Cavalry under General Hunter. He was sent to the Old Capitol Prison on July 17, 1864 and then transferred to the Elmira NY Prison Camp<sup>7</sup> on July 23, 1864 where he would suffer through until he signed an oath of allegiance. He was eventually released on May 15, 1865, a little less than a month after the surrender of Lee’s forces at Appomattox Court House.

Fortunately, before his death, John F. **POWELL**, pictured at the left in his old age in his uniform, gave a brief statement of his service in the war. It is reproduced here without corrections:

*Enlisting at the age of 16 years I joined  
Captain S.H. Campbell’s Company K 19<sup>th</sup>*

*Virginia Cavalry and our first engagement was with the enemy at Beverly where I fired a shot at a Federal Soldier and took possession and rode away with his horse, saddle and bridle and the same evening they shelled us severely, and the next morning a company of Union soldiers laid in ambush and fired on us, killing seven or eight of our men, and we returned the fire killing and wounding sixteen of the enemy.*

*The next fight which I engaged was at Bulltown, in October 1863, seven of my confederate comrades being killed and wounded, and following that engagement our next fight was on Droop Mountain on November 6<sup>th</sup>, losing seven of our men there, and immediately after our last mentioned fight we had an engagement at Warm Springs, Bath County, Virginia and also at Dry Creek, in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and from there I was sent down East to Stonewall **JACKSON**’s Brigade, remaining there for eight months and while there was in the Coal harbor fight and while in the Wilderness and Chikahominy Swamps, was under fire for fourteen days in succession and from there I went to Lynchburg with*

<sup>6</sup> Lt Col. William Lothar “Mudwall” **JACKSON** was a cousin of General “Stonewall” **JACKSON**. He raised a mounted regiment which included the 19<sup>th</sup> VA Cavalry. He would be promoted to Brigadier General on December 19, 1864.

<sup>7</sup> Elmira Prison Camp was referred to as the “Andersonville of the North” or “Hellmira” for its terrible conditions, poor hygiene, short rations and overcrowding.

General **EARLY** where he defeated Hunter, and General The next fight which I engaged was at Bulltown, in October 1863, seven of my confederate comrades being killed and wounded, and following that engagement our next fight was on Droop Mountain on November 6<sup>th</sup>, losing seven of our men there, and immediately after our last mentioned fight we had an engagement at Warm Springs, Bath County, Virginia and also at Dry Creek, in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and from there I was sent down East to Stonewall **JACKSON**'s Brigade, remaining there for eight months and while there was in the Coal harbor fight and while in the Wilderness and Chikahominy Swamps, was under fire for fourteen days in succession and from there I went to Lynchburg with General **EARLY** where he defeated Hunter, and General Early went down the valley to Harper's Ferry. The next was the great fight at Fredericksburg where we gave the enemy a tremendous defeat and marched within five miles of Washington City where we were shelled from the city and General The next fight which I engaged was at Bulltown, in October 1863, seven of my confederate comrades being killed and wounded, and following that engagement our next fight was on Droop Mountain on November 6<sup>th</sup>, losing seven of our men there, and immediately after our last mentioned fight we had an engagement at Warm Springs, Bath County, Virginia and also at Dry Creek, in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and from there I was sent down East to Stonewall **JACKSON**'s Brigade, remaining there for eight months and while there was in the Coal harbor fight and while in the Wilderness and Chikahominy Swamps, was under fire for fourteen days in succession and from there I went to Lynchburg with General **EARLY** where he defeated Hunter, and General Early went down the valley to Harper's Ferry. The next was the great fight at Fredericksburg where we gave the enemy a tremendous defeat and marched within five miles of Washington City where we were shelled from the city and General Early ordered a retreat and the Federal Cavalry overtaken us in a little town in Maryland by the name of Rockford, and where we charged them and killed + wounded several of their number and taking fifty four of them prisoners we crossed the Potomac River on the 14<sup>th</sup> day of July and on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of July the Federal troops charged us, then Capt. **CAMPBELL** with a few of us charged them but they repulsed us with a sword and bayonet fight, my horse fell down rolling on me and another one ran over me, striking me in the face with his feet, and being disabled, I was taken prisoner, was taken to Almirah New York, remaining there until the 15<sup>th</sup> day of May, 1865, when I was sent home.

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*John F. **POWELL***

Family legend relates that John F. **POWELL** walked home from Elmira to Glenville, WV and upon his return no one recognized him because he was so skinny. It is also said he would never talk about what he saw at Elmira.<sup>8</sup>

When John F. **POWELL** volunteered with the 19<sup>th</sup> VA Cavalry of the Confederate Army on May 19, 1863, he was 16 years old (closer to 17 actually) and likely living with his father. Interestingly his father, William H. **POWELL** would volunteer to serve in the Union Army less than a month after his son volunteered to join the Confederate side.

On June 16, 1863, William H. **POWELL** volunteered with the 3<sup>rd</sup> West Virginia Cavalry as a private at age 39. He was fairly old to volunteer. He would serve in the Union Army until he was mustered out in Wheeling, WV on June 30, 1865. We are fortunate that he left 75 pages of documentation in his pension file allowing one to learn some of the details of his service and his latter family life. The Company Descriptive Book of Company E, 3<sup>rd</sup> West Virginia Cavalry lists William H. **POWELL** as being born in Harrison County, as being 39 years old, and was working as a farmer. He was described as having dark hair, gray eyes, and fair complexion and was 6 feet tall. It indicates he enlisted for 3 years.

William Henry **POWELL** enlisted on June 16, 1863 but was not mustered in until July 3, 1863 which of course was the third day of fighting at Gettysburg. I am sure the prospects of being a soldier at that time looked a little daunting. Records show he was detached from his unit and stationed at Buckhannon, VA, for unknown reasons until November 1863 when he rejoined his unit. From there he went to "dismounted camp" until we find him in May of 1864 when he was detailed with the telegraph corps. In January 1865 we find he was on duty at brigade headquarters and then again at dismounted camp at Pleasant Valley. As of December 31, 1864 records reflect he was advanced a bounty of \$25 for enlisting, that the government owed him an additional \$75 but he owed the army \$12.56 for clothing.

Examination of his pension file reveals that during his service William **POWELL** was hospitalized for asthma and diarrhea in January of 1864. On July 15, 1890 William Henry **POWELL** was granted an Invalid Pension for the lasting effects of his illness he contracted during his service.

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<sup>8</sup> My Grandfather Walter F. **POWELL** Sr. left written notes about his recollections of his father's tales of the war.

Fortunately for future researchers the pension office was confused about William Henry **POWELL**'s wife's name. As a result there are affidavits and statements outlining the fact that William's first wife was Sarah Ann **ROE** and that she died in Glenville in 1864 while he was away in the service. Additionally the County Clerk certified that after the war William H. **POWELL** then married Sarah Ann **ALLTOP**<sup>9</sup>, the widow of the previously mentioned Lt. Lewis **ALLTOP**<sup>10</sup>. William and Sarah **ALLTOP** married in Gilmer County on January 31, 1867<sup>11</sup>. As a result; William Henry **POWELL** had two wives named Sarah Ann. This is what caused the confusion at the pension office.

After the war William H. **POWELL** and John F. **POWELL** returned to the Glenville area. They would for some time live on Dry Run until William **POWELL**'s death. On January 1, 1889 William H. **POWELL** became a deputy sheriff of Gilmer County<sup>12</sup>. In June of the same year William H. **POWELL** became the Overseer of the Poor of Gilmer County<sup>13</sup>. On November 6, 1894 William Henry **POWELL** would take his last breath.

Before William Henry **POWELL** married Sarah Ann **ALLTOP**, Lt. Lewis **ALLTOP**'s widow, his son John F. **POWELL** had married Lewis **ALLTOP**'s daughter Delilah **ALLTOP** on December 20, 1866. John F. **POWELL**'s brother Granville **POWELL** would go on to marry Lewis **ALLTOP**'s daughter Nancy **ALLTOP** on February 22, 1869. As a result the **POWELL** and **ALLTOP** families became closely intertwined.

Before his death, William H. **POWELL** and Sarah Ann **ALLTOP** had several children:

- 1) Louisa **POWELL**, born December 9, 1868 and married Elliott **KENNISON** on June 26, 1889.
- 2) Malinda **POWELL**, born 1872 and married Ira **KENNISON** on December 8, 1896

The birth records for Gilmer County have confusing records for an additional child or children. There is Ally R. **POWELL**<sup>14</sup>, born November 8, 1873 and Alice **POWELL**, born January 15, 1874. Both listing have as parents William **POWELL** and Sarah A. **POWELL**. The 1930 census records reflect an Allie **POWELL** as age 54 and as the sister-in-law of Louisa **KENNISON**.<sup>15</sup>

As discussed before, John married Delilah **ALLTOP** shortly after the war. They would live in Gilmer County until John's death. At some point John **POWELL** would be a constable in Gilmer County.<sup>16</sup> On November 5, 1908 the Raleigh Herald newspaper from Beckley, WV reported that John F. **POWELL** and a son of his from Gilmer County had passed through town on their way home from a hunting expedition and they had with them the hide of a large black bear which they had killed.

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<sup>9</sup> Sarah **ALLTOP** was the daughter of Felix **NORMAN** and Mary **GREENSLEEVES**.

<sup>10</sup> Lewis **ALLTOP** was a Lieutenant in Co. K, 19<sup>th</sup> VA Cavalry and was captured at the same time as John F. **POWELL**. Lewis **ALLTOP** was sent to Fort Delaware as he was an officer. He died there on July 5, 1865.

<sup>11</sup> Gilmer County Marriage Records. Original marriage book lists William's parents as Ruban and Nellie **POWELL**.

<sup>12</sup> Gilmer County Court records for 1889.

<sup>13</sup> Ibid.

<sup>14</sup> Her name in the Social Security is recorded as Allie Rosetta **POWELL**.

<sup>15</sup> Also listed is a Jasper **POWELL**, brother-in-law at age 79. This was Theodore Jasper, the son of William H. **POWELL** and Sarah Ann **ROE**.

<sup>16</sup> There is a photo of him in uniform with a Billy club.

John **POWELL** remained a farmer until sometime before 1910. In the 1910 census he is listed as living on Lewis Street in Glenville, owning his own home and working as a butcher. In the 1920 census he is listed as a retail merchant in the grocery business and still living on Lewis Street in Glenville. Family stories are that he went blind but he had the location of every item in his store memorized. John F. **POWELL** and his wife Delilah would have several children. They were:

1. Rebecca J. **POWELL**, born Oct 23, 1867 and married Edwin B. **LAMBERT**
2. Anna M. **POWELL**, born June 5, 1869 and married Oscar L. **KIDD**
3. John Willie **POWELL**, born September 8, 1871 and married Genevieve (Jenny) **HAYSE**Error! Bookmark not defined.
4. Naoma **POWELL**, born March 7, 1878 and married Floyd N. **MCVANY**
5. Ora Maud **POWELL**, born about 1879, died as infant
6. Walter Franklin **POWELL**, born September 2, 1883, married Delle Hannah **BLACK**<sup>17</sup>
7. Dana Lewis **POWELL**, born September 15, 1886 and married Donnie **BEALL**



John Franklin **POWELL**, whose home is pictured at left, died in Glenville on May 18, 1925. On the same day his daughter Rebecca would died in Glenville. John Franklin **POWELL** was buried in the **POWELL-MURPHY** Cemetery in an unmarked grave. The family was unable to provide a marker. Buried nearby are his father William Henry **POWELL** and Sarah Ann **ALLTOP POWELL**, both of which have government supplied headstones. Also buried in the same cemetery are Felix and Mary **NORMAN**, the parents of Sarah Ann **ALLTOP POWELL**.

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<sup>17</sup> The author's grandparents.

## Have You Tried This?

by Patricia **BAILEY MEYER**

My name is Patricia **BAILEY MEYER** and I became interested in genealogy just a few years ago, mainly through research done the old-fashioned way by my maternal aunt, who was my mom's sister. I was intrigued by finding relatives I had heard nothing about. She also added personal information about several of them. It made them so real to me, and I just wanted to learn more!

Now, my family evidently didn't think they were interesting enough to share their personal history with us, so I was amazed by what she had found. My grandmother's family was raised in a historical house called Spring Grove in Louisville! But that's long story for another day which I might be able to share in the future with you.

I have not been a member of Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants very long, and I decided to become a member because I had found the website and used it to obtain information. Many of my relatives came from Lewis and Harrison Counties, and many are still in the area. The family homestead, the May-Kraus House, is in Alum Bridge at the end of Crooked Creek in Lewis County.

I found that Don **NORMAN** had researched & posted a history of the **BAILEY** family which was very detailed and mostly correct. I want to personally thank him and Linda **STEORTS KAUFMAN** for sharing their research on the website.

My grandfather was a **BAILEY**, and his wife, my grandmother was a Kraus, both families having long histories of living in West Virginia. They decided to raise their newly formed family in Akron, Ohio.

But I am a Kentucky girl so how did I get born there? My mom and dad met when he was stationed at Fort Knox during World War II. I believe another branch of **BAILEYs** is also in Kentucky; but I don't know much about them yet. That's enough information about me for now!

I wanted to point out a source that provides great free information. If you have not already used it for researching your ancestors. I would highly recommend going their website [www.wvculture.org](http://www.wvculture.org) to find real documents of births, deaths, and marriages, which they have scanned. You can download them and save them on your own computer without having to travel. Many times, there are parents' names listed that you may have been unable to be document for your ancestor.

The website is run by the West Virginia Division of Culture & History, and you will be grateful for the work they have put into it in scanning so many documents of importance to genealogy nuts like me and probably you, too!

# **A Mayflower Odyssey: Proving Descent from Pilgrim George SOULE**

by Martha **ENDRES**

Three years ago while I was following my maternal ancestors' lines on [www.Ancestry.com](http://www.Ancestry.com), I began seeing references to Mayflower Pilgrim George **SOULE**, who was a servant to the Edward **WINSLOW** family. These citations piqued my curiosity to find out if I traced to a Mayflower Pilgrim.

My mother, Maybelle **LAWSON (POMEROY) WHITLOCK** (1916 – 1961), was born and raised in Weston. None of her five siblings was still alive and none of my maternal cousins knew of a possible Mayflower lineage.

The authority is the General Society of Mayflower Descendants (GSMD), also known as The Mayflower Society, founded in 1897 in Plymouth, Massachusetts. <https://www.themayflowersociety.org> . The GSMD has well-developed research, application, and approval processes. It publishes “silver books” and “pink books” with several generations of lineage for many of the fifty-one Pilgrims who are known to have had descendants. <https://www.themayflowersociety.org/shop/books-publications/silver-books-and-mfip>

I began by submitting a preliminary lineage review form with my ancestors and their spouses connecting me to George **SOULE**. The GSMD staff evaluated the submission and provided the point to which my line had previously been proven. I needed to prove seven generations. <https://www.themayflowersociety.org/join/preliminary-review-form> I gathered documents to validate the lineage from me to George **SOULE**. The GSMD requires birth, marriage, divorce, and death proofs for the line carrier and his spouse for each unproven generation. Primary types of proof (C1) are the most acceptable and include town, county, and state vital records and certificates; The GSMD may consider secondary proofs (C2). The GSMD offers detailed information on its website at <https://www.themayflowersociety.org/join> .

The cheapest and quickest source for certificates is typically the town or county clerk's office (~\$5.00); the most expensive source is VitalChek. Some records are dispatched within a week; others are mailed months after the request. West Virginia has many free documents on the web at <http://www.wvculture.org/vrr/> . The State Vital Registration Office is on the first floor of The Diamond Building at 350 Capitol Street in Charleston. <http://www.wvdhhr.org/bph/hsc/vital> The Archives and History Library at the Culture Center in the State Capitol has quite a few resources.

I found interesting newspaper articles about my ancestors on [www.Fultonhistory.com](http://www.Fultonhistory.com), including accounts that great grandparents Daniel and Harriet **POMEROY** ran a speakeasy outside of the law in Harrison County in the early 1900's.

Invaluable for the **SOULE** project were a scanner and an electric hole puncher, together with binders and plastic sleeves for certificates.

Helpful sources include:

- Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants: Patty **LESONDAK** and Joy **DEFAZIO** were great resources. <https://hackerscreek.com/>

- Lewis County Clerk's office: Linda **KRAMM** and Cynthia **ROWAN** were unceasingly patient and helpful in responding to my requests for documents. <http://lewiscountywv.org/ccindex.html>
- Harrison County Clerk's office: Susan **THOMAS** was also very helpful. <http://www.harrisoncountywv.com/>
- The New England Historic and Genealogy Society (NEHGS) has extensive on-line documents. Access is by paid membership. <https://www.americanancestors.org/index.aspx>
- Family Search: [www.familysearch.com](http://www.familysearch.com) : free
- Ancestry access is by paid subscription. [www.Ancestry.com](http://www.Ancestry.com)
- Google: [www.google.com](http://www.google.com)
- Find A Grave: [www.findagrave.com](http://www.findagrave.com)
- *The Mayflower and Her Passengers*, Caleb H. **JOHNSON** <http://mayflowerhistory.com/>
- *The Pilgrim Migration*, Robert Charles Anderson
- <https://www.plimoth.com/products/the-pilgrim-migration-immigrants-to-plymouth-colony-1620-1633>
- There are family societies for many Mayflower Pilgrims.
  - <https://www.themayflowersociety.org/the-pilgrims/family-societies>
  - Facebook groups, such as Mayflower Descendants, Random Acts of Genealogical Kindness, Genealogy Addicts Anonymous, and Calling All Mayflower Descendants were useful sources of information and illustrated the value of the collective brain and the kindness of more seasoned researchers who were willing to help me. Many people shared information, often by posting documents in Facebook groups or on Ancestry.com or sending them to me via email.

Among the significant obstacles: my **DEUEL** ancestors spelled their surname in myriad ways and there were two Ira and Helen **DEUEL** couples born about the same years.

Along the way, Sue **KULP**, the Orchard Park, New York, town historian, shared her research about many of my Quaker ancestors. Without Sue's generous help and extensive documentation, I couldn't have gathered the proof I needed.

- <http://orchardparkny.org/content/history>
- ; <https://www.arcadiapublishing.com/Products/9780738513249>

In August I mailed my full application to The Mayflower Society. Typically, the reviewer is the applicant's State Historian but the West Virginia Historian instructed me to send my application to The GSMD. I'd guess that the seven generations that I had to prove was an unusually arduous task and that was the reason for the exception.

The Mayflower Society reviewer needed several additional documents during her evaluation of my application.

My mother's brother's son, Dan **POMEROY**, chief curator and director of collections at The Tennessee Museum in Nashville, followed this trek across twelve generations and shared my enthusiasm as the process unfolded.

In May my letter of approval, certificate, and final lineage paper arrived in the mail. YAY! I am member #179 in the West Virginia Society of Mayflower Descendants and one of more than 91,000 members approved by The Mayflower Society since its inception in 1897.



One site estimates that more than 35,000,000 people currently alive are direct descendants of a Mayflower Pilgrim. <http://familyhistorydaily.com/genealogy-help-and-how-to/are-you-one-of-35-million-mayflower-descendants-heres-how-to-find-out/>

It was not an inexpensive project. It cost an enormous amount of time, significant emotional energy to pursue tedious hints that turned out to be false, and nearly \$1000 for dues and subscriptions, vital records, postage, books, paper, and ink.

The NEHGS offers genealogical research help. A full Mayflower research and submission package is several thousand dollars.

Yes, my ancestor came over on the Mayflower. That and \$4.00 will buy a cup of coffee at Starbucks.

For me, the value of the endeavor is that I feel like I am paying respect to my ancestors. I never knew my grandparents and my mother died when I was young, which makes the process especially poignant. I hope that my daughter and my maternal cousins and their descendants will pursue applying to The GSMD on behalf of Pilgrim George **SOULE**. Because The Mayflower Society has accepted the heretofore unproven seven generations, it will be fairly simple and straightforward for them to tag on to my lineage paper.

I am helping my cousin on my paternal side trace her lineage to John Howland and his three family members. She does not have a computer and is eager to pursue applying to The Mayflower Society. It appears that she is a direct descendant of eleven other Mayflower Pilgrims-fifteen in all! We have only four generations to prove for the Howland project, so it is less daunting than the **SOULE** application was. There is a saying among Mayflower researchers that when you find one Pilgrim in your ancestry, you will probably find others.

I hope that you pursue tracing your ancestry to a Pilgrim. Good luck on your Mayflower journey.

I capitalized and bolded the line carrier in this revised version and listed the line carrier first. I used documentation from *George **SOULE** of The Mayflower and his Descendants for Four Generations*, Louise Wash Throop, sixth edition, 2011, and seventh edition, 2015 ("the pink books").

Beginning with my parents, my line to George **SOULE** is as follows:

Parents:

**Maybelle LAWSON POMEROY** (3 Aug 1916/ Lewis, WV – 3 Apr, 1961/Charleston, Kanawha Co, WV) m. 14 Mar 1942/Weston, Lewis Co, WV, James Alexander **WHITLOCK** (1 Apr 1915/Fire Creek, Fayette Co, WV – 20 Dec 1994/Pompano Beach, Broward Co, FL)

Grandparents:

**Daniel Edward POMEROY** (14 Oct 1878/Troy, NY – 16 Dec 1946/Weston, Lewis Co, WV) m. 26 Jan 1902/Weston, Lewis Co, WV, Bertie Emma **LAWSON** (16 Apr 1884/Weston, Lewis Co, WV – 11 Jun 1916/Weston, Lewis Co, WV)

Great grandparents:

**Harriet/Hattie DEUEL** (24 Jan 1852/Buffalo, Erie Co, NY – 1 Mar 1908/Sistersville, Tyler Co, WV) m. Nov 1869/White Oak, MO, Daniel **POMEROY** 29 May 1847/Lockport, Niagara Co, NY – 13 Aug 1903/Colorado Springs, El Paso Co, CO)

Great great grandparents:

**Ira DEUEL** (13 Apr 1826/Erie Co, NY – 13 Oct 1892/East Hamburg, Erie Co, NY) m. 29 Aug 1849/Aurora, NY Helen/Hellen M. **STOCKBRIDGE** (12 Feb 1831/VT – 24 Jun 1894/East Hamburg, Erie Co, NY)

GGG grandparents:

**William DEUEL II** (13 Jul 1800/Washington Co, NY - 18 Oct 1867/Buffalo, Erie Co, NY) m. 1822 D. Byance **JENKS** (ca. 1808/Ontario, NY – 8 Apr 1902/NY)

GGGG grandparents:

**William DEUEL** (ca. 1766/Pawling, NY – 14 Jun 1830/Pawling, NY) m. 1785 Mary **HOAG** (1761/Dutchess, NY – 1844/Collins, Erie Co, NY)

GGGGG grandparents:

**John DEVOL** (ca. 1733/Dartmouth, MA or Tiverton, RI – Nov 1806/Pawling, NY) m. 1754/Dutchess Co, NY, Anna **WHITELY**/the widow **TRIPP** (20 May 1734/Quaker Hill, NY – after 25 Sep 1810/Poughkeepsie, NY)

GGGGGG grandparents:

**Benjamin DEVOL** (26 Jan 1709/Dartmouth, Bristol Co., MA – 19 Jan 1792/Pawling, Dutchess Co., NY m. 22/28 Aug 1731/ Dartmouth, MA, Sarah **MOSHER** (ca. 1715/poss. Tiverton, RI – after 1788/probably Pawling, NY)

GGGGGGG grandparents:

**Mary SOULE** (ca.1681/Dartmouth, MA – after 17 Jun 1729/probably Dartmouth, MA, or Newport, RI) m. ca. 1700/probably Dartmouth, MA, Joseph **DAVOL** (c. 1675/Dartmouth, Bristol, MA or Newport, RI – before 14 Nov 1726/Dartmouth, Bristol Co., MA)

GGGGGGGG grandparents:

**George SOULE II** (ca. 1639/Duxbury, MA – before 22 Jun 1704) m. ca. 1664 Deborah (**0000?**) ca. 1644 – between 24 Jan 1708/9 and 1 Mar 1709/10/Duxbury, MA)

GGGGGGGGG grandparents:

**Mayflower Pilgrim George SOULE** (ca. 1601, possibly Haarlem, Holland – between 20 Sep 1677 and 22 Jan 1678/9, Duxbury, MA) m. 1626/probably Plymouth, MA, Mary **BUCKETT/BECKET** (apparently ca. 1603 – Dec. 1676/Duxbury, MA)

My grandmother, Bertie Emma **LAWSON**, was the daughter of Albert Francis **LAWSON**, MD, “Old Dr. **LAWSON**” and the sister of Aubrey Francis **LAWSON**, MD, “Young Dr. **LAWSON**”. Dr. Aubrey **LAWSON**, together with Dr. T. F. **LAW**, co-founded The General Hospital in Weston.

<https://m.facebook.com/hackerscreek/photos/a.596869190380351.1073741827.125740920826516/610421272358476/?type=1&p=10>

The legend is that William **DEUL (I)**, changed his surname from **DEVOL** to **DEUEL** because, in his opinion, **DEVOL** was similar to devil.

If you are interested in the Mayflower Society, here is some help for you:

## **GSMD PRELIMINARY REVIEW FORM**

**Instructions and Important Information** - Complete the online Preliminary Review form. Fill it out beginning with the name of your Pilgrim ancestor. On the next line, enter his/her son or daughter, and who they married. Then list the next son or daughter and their spouse. Continue through the generations down to yourself. We will compare your proposed lineage with the lineage papers in our files to determine what portion of your line is already documented. You will receive a report on the findings with instructions on how to proceed. Please expect to wait three to six weeks for your response. There is a non-refundable \$25.00 fee per inquiry for this service. A credit card is required for instant processing. If you prefer to pay by check, please print this form and mail it, and a check for \$25.00 per inquiry to:

**GSMD, PO Box 3297, Plymouth, MA 02361-3297.**

## **This is not an application.**

Memberships are handled through individual state societies.

Contact information for the state societies can be found on the [Contacts](#) page of the GSMD website.

If you would like to make an inquiry about membership, please call (508) 746-3188.

NOTE: Use the TAB or ENTER key to move from field to field.

NOTE: **CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS** are asked to use the Preliminary Review Form on the California Mayflower Society website.

If you are a California resident, please go directly to their website: [www.MayflowerSociety.com](http://www.MayflowerSociety.com).

**Date: Phone:**

**Name:**

**Address:**

**City:**

**State:**

**Zip Code:**

**E-Mail Address:**

Continued on page 2.

**1. Name of your Mayflower Pilgrim Ancestor:**

**2. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**3. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**4. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**5. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**6. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**7. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**8. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**9. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**10. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**11. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**12. Son/Daughter: Married:**

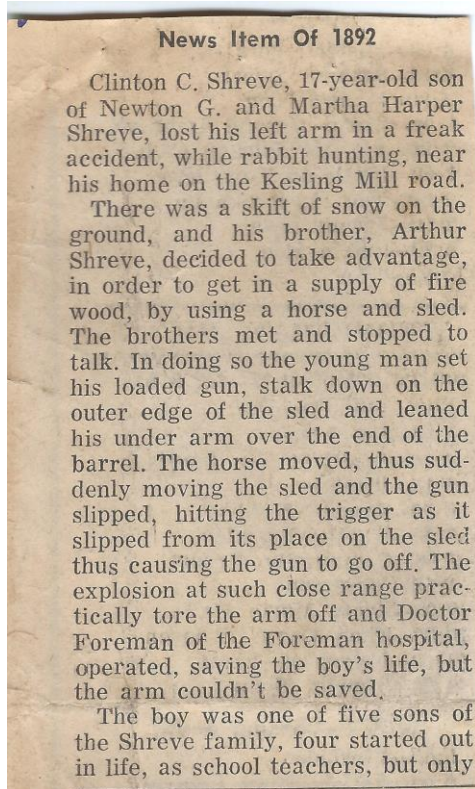
**13. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**14. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**15. Son/Daughter: Married:**

**16. Son/Daughter: Married:**

## LOOKING FOR A NEWSPAPER!!



I'd like to find the rest of the clipping on the left. I descend from Newton **SHREVE** and Martha **HARPER**. I know Newton and Martha are buried in the **SHREVE** Cemetery on Kesling Mill Road and this newspaper must be from the Upshur Co area.

Newton G **SHREVE** 1837-1912 and Martha **HARPER**'s 1836-1895 children:  
Granville 1863-?  
Infant 1866-1866  
Ira 1867-1929  
Thornton 1870-1947  
Charles 1872-1953 - my GGrandfather  
Clinton 1875-1957

I also know Newton remarried twice Lydia **REYNOLDS** 1855- ? and Addie **STEVENS** 1871-?.  
Ruth **DURR**, [resdurr@gmail.com](mailto:resdurr@gmail.com), 3211 Shamrock St., Anchorage, AK 99504

## THE FIRST "METRO VALLEY" by David M. SCOTT

At first glance, a study of the Metro Valley Region reveals an area so widespread that it seems difficult to locate a common thread. The area includes the following sections:

1. Handley to Henderson
2. Letart to Kenova
3. Kenova to Wharncliffe Station
4. Huntington to Justice
5. St. Albans to Whitesville
6. Charleston to Upper King Shoals
7. Barboursville to Mud
8. Irene to Madison and
9. Poca to Island Branch

What do the above sections have in common? I suppose the name of the region, Metro "VALLEY" was a giveaway. You're right, the place names of each section indicate the beginning and end of a valley within the region. Each of the valleys contains a river. Some of the

rivers you will recognize rather easily while others will be a little more difficult. A couple of the place names provide outstanding clues. See how many you can name. The answers are provided elsewhere in this issue.

So, where was the first “Metro Valley” in the Metro Valley Region? Which valley mentioned above had the first metropolis? You must remember, all things are relative, so back in the early 1800’s a bustling area of 5000 people would have been a metropolis.

To help us find the first “Metro Valley” we must understand what drew the early settlers to the valleys and then determine which valley had the most to offer. First of all, the early settlers were nearly self-sufficient. They needed to raise their own crops and provide as much for themselves as they possibly could. The land in the valleys is generally better for farming than the hillsides or the mountain tops.

Secondly, travel in the early times was very difficult. The settlers used the streams that were navigable and communities sprang up at important junctions. Some of these junctions were identified earlier as starting or ending points of the rivers. Other communities developed between the starting and ending points because travel on land was very difficult and a need for stores, churches and schools prompted further development.

Now that we have established the importance of the valleys, why were some valleys settled sooner than others? As in the laws of supply and demand, some valleys offered more so they became more in demand. For example, the larger valleys offered more farmland. Also, the rivers in the larger valleys were easier to navigate so more people settled there. The larger rivers also provided navigation for larger craft so supplies could be shipped directly to the communities on the larger rivers.

Natural resources available in or near the valleys also played an important role in the development of the region. Normally, we think of coal as the resource that initially helped the development of this region. Coal is King there is no doubt, but there was another resource that helped establish the first Metro Valley. It helped establish one of the valleys in this region as a major center of trade in the very early times of white exploration and settlement.

What resource would be so important to early settlers? Remember, they strived to be self-sufficient. Their primary goal was survival. What did they need to help them survive? Obviously, a lot of things including luck, skill, determination, faith and an endless number of qualities that lend well in trying times.

However, having assumed that most early settlers had all of that and had harvested crops and killed some game for meat, what did they need to preserve their food for an extended period? Well, yes, a long, very cold winter would help preserve the food but their winters were probably long enough, thank you. What’s that? Did I hear “salt” in the background? Right you are.

Today we take salt for granted. It is readily available everywhere we shop for food or dine out. If you look at the labels on food you will nearly always find salt (or sodium) listed as an ingredient. However, the early settlers did not have the luxuries of shopping for food or dining out. It was quite common for early settlers to travel up to a hundred miles to obtain salt.

Fortunately, a source of salt in this region, that had long been used by the Indians, was made known to the whites by Mary **INGLES**. She was captured by the Indians in 1755 and taken from her home in Drapers Meadows, Virginia to the Indian village along the Ohio River at the mouth of the Scioto River. (Portsmouth, Ohio) *See, those junctions have been important for a very long time.* During the journey along the Kanawha River, the Indians stopped at the salt

springs near the mouth of Campbell's Creek. (Kanawha County, a few miles east of Charleston) Mrs. **INGLES** was put to work boiling salt. She relayed this location and her experiences to her family when she returned home after escaping her captors.

Not only did the Indians use the salt springs as a source for salt but they also considered it prime hunting grounds because of all the game that frequented the area. In fact, the salt springs were known to the early settlers as Big Buffalo Licks.

(The remainder of this article is taken primarily from the book "West Virginia, A Guide To The Mountain State" copyrighted 1941 by the Conservation Commission of West Virginia.)

The salt springs at Big Buffalo Licks served as the springboard to the first large and well-organized industry in the region - salt making. Elisha Brooks built the first salt furnace in 1797. To obtain better brine (water saturated with salt), he sank hollow "gums" made of bark into the earth and dipped up the brine as it flowed to the surface. He manufactured 150 pounds a day and sold it for 10 cents a pound. People came from 100 miles around to buy the salt. Considering the difficulties of travel at that time, and the cost, one can appreciate the importance and scarcity of salt.

In 1806, Joseph and David **RUFFNER** began refining salt on a larger scale and shipped it by flatboat down the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers to Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. Before long, larger furnaces, increased production and cutthroat competition reduced the price of salt to 4 cents a pound.

In 1817 the salt makers met at Kanawha Salines and formed a trust. Control of production and prices was placed in the hands of an elected board of governors. A fixed price was set and maintained except during occasional price wars designed to discourage overseas importers.

Malden, originally called Terra Salis and then Kanawha Salines, was the original Metro Valley and the center of the salt industry during the early nineteenth century. By 1815, 30 furnaces were in the valley and Malden was a boom town full of people seeking work in the salt furnaces or boat yards. More than 3,000 people were employed in one phase or another of the salt industry. Salt was a common medium of exchange. Local newspapers advertised property to be sold for 'salt or money'. Production of salt reached a peak of 3,000,000 bushels in 1850. By the end of the nineteenth century, because of competition from rock salt and stronger salt wells in the Ohio Valley, where costs of operation and transportation were less, the Kanawha salt industry went into a great decline from which it never recovered. However, the salt industry had already led to the development of other industries in the region.

One early industry that was a by-product of salt making was the oil and gas industry. The use of oil and gas was, however, very limited in scope.

Just upstream along the Kanawha River from Malden is the site of Burning Springs, discovered by Van Bibbers in 1775. George Washington patented a 125 acre tract two years later and recorded in his will that it contained a bituminous spring that burns as freely as spirits and is as difficult to extinguish.

The Indians had known of the springs from which petroleum and water emerged together. They skimmed the oil from the surface, boiled it until the water evaporated and used it externally to toughen their skin and ward off insects. A German traveler in 1799 noted that the Indians drank the oil with no harm and further remarked his surprise that the oil will burn in a lamp. Under the name of 'Seneca Oil' the pioneer whites used the oil as a remedy for rheumatism and other ailments.

When salt makers developed deep boring, they also struck oil which they considered a nuisance. The oil was allowed to fill the salt cisterns and overflow into the river where it formed slicks. Big patches of iridescence gave the Kanawha River the name “Old Greasy” and the salt makers cursed the devil’s grease that flowed from the wells. *Amazing!*

In 1841, gas was struck at one well with such force that it was used to force the brine from the well, boil it and light the works at night. The salt makers only complaint about gas was its inability to pack the salt in barrels.

In 1843, a salt well was sunk near Burning Springs and struck gas which hurled a column of salt water 150 feet in the air. The roar of the gas and water could be heard for several miles and stage drivers on the James River and Kanawha Turnpike stopped to let their passengers view the sight.

On one occasion a Harvard University professor was among the passengers; ‘being a man of investigating and experimenting turn of mind,’ he lighted a match near the well to see what chemicals the vapor contained.’ The atmosphere instantly burst into flames, and the well frame and engine house caught fire. The professor saved himself by jumping into the river and then crawled back to the stagecoach. When the owner of the well heard of the damage he sent a friend to Charleston to have the man arrested for ‘willfully and wantonly burning property - unless you find the fellow is a natural damn fool and didn’t know any better,’ he added.

The professor was found in a Charleston hotel, his hair and eyebrows singed, his hands and face blistered. In plain language, the messenger stated his instructions, including the codicil. ‘It seems a pretty hard alternative,’ sighed the professor, attempting a faint smile with his parched lips. “However, under the circumstances, I feel it my duty to take advantage of the last clause and escape.’

As can be seen from the above accounts, the true potential of oil and gas was not understood. Additionally, even though gas was appreciated more than oil, there was no extensive search for it because another resource was discovered that was readily available throughout the region - King Coal.

There are various accounts about the discovery of coal in this region but the earliest date is credited to John Peter **SALLEY** who found it on the Coal River in 1742. However, coal wasn’t developed as an industry until John P. **TURNER** supplied the salt works at Burning Springs with coal from his mine.

Although the valleys of the region may provide a common thread, coal is the common denominator. Coal is the important element that unites and binds other industries. Coal furnishes raw materials for many industries and fuel for others. The tendency of one industry to produce another and be dependent upon it is evident. The abundance of coal and salt brine here attracted the chemical industry to the region.

These industries, individually and combined, created an untold number of “Metro Valleys” throughout the region. Some are still bustling with activity while others require closer inspection to discover their glory days of the past. As you travel through this region, slow down, look around and develop an appreciation for those before us that worked so diligently to help improve their surroundings and the quality of life for themselves and for us.

The rivers listed in article *The First “Metro Valley”*

1. Kanawha 2. Ohio 3. Big Sandy/Tug Fork 4. Guyandotte 5. Coal 6. Elk 7. Mud
8. Little Coal and 9. Pocatalico





Great \_ Grandpa  
Franklin Leonard Farnsworth

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANKLIN LEONARD FARNSWORTH

This is the story of F.L.F. in the Army of the Confederacy  
Excerpted from findagrave.com where it was published by  
his great-grandson Avid Roy **CLARK**

### HISTORY OF F.L.F. IN ARMY OF THE CONFEDERACY

At the age of 23 years in the year of 1861, the same year of the outbreak of the great American Civil War, I enlisted under Brigadier General **SLACK**, in the Calvary. At the call for 50,000 volunteers, I answered. I started from home on my way to the Army for Chillicothe, Missouri, about 25 miles from my home. I stayed there two nights. There were Federal soldiers there guarding the railroad. I stayed in their camp waiting for a fellow who had a brother enlisted in the Confederate Army. This fellow's name was **COLEMAN**. This fellow was going to see his brother but was coming back.

We started then from Chillicothe. We were joined then by a Jake **WATTENBARGER** who traveled with us. Coleman and him were riding while I was walking. About 4 miles from Chillicothe there was a town by the name of Utica. There was also Union soldiers stationed there. Expecting to be halted by their guards I had got myself a pillow slip and stuck a shirt or two in it so that they would take me for a citizen trudging along. I went through the guards and was never asked a question. Then we followed the railroad for I don't know how long till we came to the town of Richmond the County seat of Clay County. There we left the railroad and I inquired the way to Lexington and found it to be about ten miles. We went to Lexington where I joined the Army. **WATTENBARGER** who had joined us had got scared out at the talk of war and went back. **COLEMAN** visited his brother a few days and then went back and I might here say that it was his brother's company that I joined.

It was then I found out how green I was. The next day I was put on guard duty with orders to let no one pass when here comes along a big fellow riding along as if he was going to pass. I immediately halted him and said here you can't go past. He replied I'm an officer and have a right to pass.

He seemed to take it in good humor and told me to call the sergeant of the guard. The sergeant came, and I found out it was the General. The General said to me you done exactly right you obeyed your orders, they should have told you to let an officer pass. A few days after this episode I took what I thought was the ague. My comrade suggested that I hunt up a private house to get proper nursing. I selected a house where the people looked well to do. I stopped there and found that the people's name was **PAGGET**. The old man told me he had nobody to take care of me, that the folks there all had the ague and are in a hurry to eat all the watermelons they can get before the chills and fevers come on them. I asked if I could lay down. He said yes so, I laid down and rested awhile. I asked him how far it would be till I could get a house. He said I could get one about a mile farther on. I began to get sick, so he said he would saddle a couple of horses and let a nigger ride up with me. I hadn't gone but a little piece till I told the nigger to go on ahead and tell them to have a place fixed to lay down. He went on so when I got there the fellow had me a nice little bedroom fixed up. When I got in bed the old man said let me see your tongue. As soon as I showed him my tongue I went delirious and didn't know anything for a week. When



I did come to, I was in the finest parlor I ever saw. I could hear the people talking but there was no one in the room. I laid there a little bit wondering where I was. The women heard me and come in and talked a little bit. I began asking questions, but they wouldn't let me talk until I got stouter. They fixed a stand by my bed with a bell on it, so I could ring for my wants. I asked what was the matter and he said I had fever and if the Dr. had been one hour later I would have died. I heard that the people's names were **HUBBARD** and the old man had a brother on Col. **HUGHES** staff. I was also in the same regiment.

When I returned to Lexington, I found my army had left there and I entered the general hospital. There one day after that the superintendent of the hospital came in and said boys get to your bunks and get as sick as possible the Feds (are close) I stayed there till I got well. While I was sick, we was visited by General **SHELBY**. He was ragged and run down. I asked him what was the matter. He said 12,000 Feds were after him. Right before that he had captured a boat with 40 soldiers, 40 wagons, and 400 sacks of flour, going with only one man. The boat was going up the Missouri. **SHELBY** ran down and told them to stop. They refused. He yelled to Col. **LEWIS** to bring 1,000 men down here and blow this boat to hell. The boat surrendered. The soldiers were put under parole and the wagons were given to the citizens. He had captured the boat with the help of only one man.

I told General **SHELBY** how I was fixed and he told me to come to his mother's house just below Dover and he would find me a place to recruit. I was accompanied by 4 other men from the hospital. We got down to **SHELBY'S** house and there was a horse with a military saddle in front of it. We hollered and a woman came out. She told me the horse was for me. As there were 4 of us, we didn't know what to do but they provided all of us with horses and we were then sent to a private house to recruit up.

By the time we were ready to go our army had went down south. Traveling at night one night we reached Warrensburg. I asked for Dr. **WESTFALL** a cousin of mine, but he had left. We went on till we struck the Osage River and from there reached the army. Nothing important happened for a while so we skip a little.

When we go to Springfield in the year of 61, we had 8000 men when we went into winter camp. Along about the last of February or 1<sup>st</sup> of March, 40,000 Feds started from Raleigh to attack us and it took every man we had to hold their advance guard. General **PRICE** had led them to think we had 3 times that number so that while we ran our train (supply) south we bluffed them into holding back. They fell back to Raleigh to recruit. By the time they had re-enforced their army, General **PRICE** had run our train south to safety and that was what he was working for. That left us free but with poor rations to act as we wanted to. We went to a place called Crane Creek. There we cleaned off our camp and thought we were all right. Along about dinner General **STACK** came riding up the hill and just as he got to the Division he yelled get to arms. Every fellow got what little grub he had and his arms and then here came the Feds 50,000 strong upon us. We started to retreat south but held them back till we got to Cassville. We thought then they had stopped following us. Some of our infantry had just drawn new shoes and in the forced march their words were not pleasant to hear. Some of them threw their shoes away.

We went from there to a place called Cross Hollers in Arkansas. There we were re-enforced by Gen. **McCULLOCK** with about 4 or 5,000 men. There we had a fight with the Feds. They had from 12 to 15,000 men in advance. We charged from short quarters and drove them back. From there we fell back to the Boston Mountains. A new general had been put over Gen. **PRICE** although he was still Major General over the Missourians. Although Gen. **VANDORN** was a fine officer, we hated to lose Gen. **PRICE**.

We had about 20,000 or more men at this time among which were 5,000 Indians. Orders came for us to advance back. This pleased us for we were all anxious to get at the Feds. Our command then went to Benton Mill where we caught them and very nearly caught their commander. We ran him away from his breakfast. From there we marched to Sugar Creek, Arkansas. There we had the battle called Elk Horn. We fought there for three days and our company had our rations cut off for three days. We fought until we got very near into their camp. In fact, we were in full view of them and they were fixing to surrender. We had to send our order to their general, Gen. **CEGLE** through Gen. **PRICE**. Our message to Gen. **PRICE** was We are in full view of the enemy's camp and Gen. **CEGLE** is marching out his men to

surrender. Send us a battery and we can hold our position here. Gen **PRICE** went to Gen. **VANDORN** and asked for the battery and his reply Gen. **VANDORN** was General we must retreat which was where he made his great mistake. **PRICE** replied to him "General give me command and in five hours I will capture them." The reply he got was "General we must retreat". Then for the first time I knew **PRICE** to swear and he replied, "By God then give me my own men and I'll capture them". We were forced to retreat then and came on down to VanBuren, Arkansas. Our rations had been cut off from us then and we had went 5 days without eating. One day 4 of us went up by a house where we got a little meal. They had skinned some hogs in camp a while before that, so we took the hog skins and turned the flesh sides up and dug a hole in the ground and proceeded to bake our bread on the hog skins. One of the boys remarked that we had good seasoning for the skins were covered with maggots. Each fellow got a piece of bread about the size of a silver dollar. Small as it was it gave me camp fever and very near killed me. We all thought for a while it was (?). While I had it, I stayed in a farm house. The people's name were **JOHNSON**. We went from there to Big Springs. The night before I had my horse stolen and I pressed into use an old Mexican pony which I expected would hardly take me there as he was about 20 years old, but we got there. We reached a place from there called Kingsville and found a place to camp there. Most of them men went up on high ground to camp but some of us including myself went to sleep along the river bank. Along in the night, we woke up in very near the middle of the river. The river had raised during the night, we sure got out of there. We marched from there going north when my old Mexican pony gave out, but a man told me where I could get another one. When we reached Skullyville, Ark., I was riding an Indian pony, a bright cherry red I had purchased for \$47.00. We went from there to Greenville, Mo. When we got there a Federal was trying to get the people to join their army. He was in the courthouse telling them you had better join us and save your property. If you are southern people you will never see the southern army here. Then he looked out the window and yelled "By God here they come right now." One fellow was on a mule going at his best and I resolved to catch him and brought him back. I asked him why he didn't stop when I told him to. He said he was riding a mule and couldn't, but he was spurring him. I had fired a shot over his head and the mule seemed to understand that pretty well. We started back up north, and it was then I got separated from the army. I was leading the rear guard and had stopped to turn off to get some water. When I got back the rest had gone on and left me. I supposed they had followed the road and went on. I hadn't gone but a little piece, when somebody yelled halt. I whirled my horse and took off up another road and cut back in where I had got my water. I had been told there was a Federal camp in the area and they would have scouts out. I came to a farmhouse in the direction I thought our army had gone. I hollered the family out and asked them which way the command had gone. He said they had crossed some fields. I found the command trail then and went on. Later a man told me they had went the Lone Jack road. Just as I came into the road I saw a bunch of Feds coming. They raised a yell for me to stop. I began running and shooting over my shoulder and got away from them and joined our command which had stopped not so far from Lone Jack. It was at Lone Jack I made my first acquaintance with **QUANTRIL**. It was there he and his men were sworn into the army as independent guerillas. It was there I got acquainted with Cole **YOUNGER**, a boy about 16 years of age. That night the Federals came close to us but there was no fighting. The next morning while one of the boys was capping his gun it went off. Our captain gave orders then to charge and everybody holler and everyone just about split themselves yelling as we went on the run. We followed them to Independence and went charging into the courthouse square. The Feds had vacated and we dismounted and made for their ammunition as we were short.

We followed them across the river where they made a stand, they had sharpshooters behind a bunch of hay and Cap. **CLARK** fired but got killed in the attempt. The greatest loss in this battle was the death of Colonel **HUGHES** who was shot during the battle. Shortly afterward the Fed surrendered, and we moved our camp out on the prairie. One day I had been out on a scout and when I came into camp I told my bunkie, Henry **BOWMAN** I had a feeling I was going to get wounded somehow. A feeling came over me there was no God, no Heaven or no Hell. I tried to banish the thought from my mind for I knew better. I asked Henry where there was water. He asked me why. I told him I was going to get wounded and I wanted to wash up and wanted some water. I got my canteen of water. Henry made fun of me. We

went into camp that evening. My company was held as cavalry to guard the streets. Henry and I laid gown to go to sleep when somebody came along saying mount your horses. We then supposed by them blowing the bugle that they were on us and I knew that I was go get wounded. We mounted and then as the bugle blew, I knew they were not attacking us. We traveled all night and went to Lone Jack and got there just at day. Henry told me that if I got killed he wanted my hat. I told him I wasn't go get killed. I got my horse killed with a cannon ball that put me on foot. We had it hard for a little while, but they were stationed in a corn field. We were ordered to charge them on the double quick and hold our fire till we were in 20 steps of them. When I felt an impact in my left leg it felt like a bullet had hit my left leg and bounced off. It seemed just a few seconds till I was shot in the same place two more times right at one shot above the other. I set my gun down and leaned on it when along came Col. **BOWHANAN** and said, "What the hell is the matter with you, wounded?" I said it felt like it. He told me to pull up my pants leg. When I pulled it up he said he reckoned by God I was. He called the surgeon and told him to take me off the field. They took me out of danger and set me down. The Colonel who was from Virginia said as they took me off "I want you to take damn good care of that man. He is a Virginian and he's fighting like hell." As they were taking me off the field I heard about 15 of **QUANTRILL**'s men coming yelling "We'll have Fed liver for dinner, We'll have Fed live for dinner." That settled the battle. The Feds ran. They supposed all of **QUANTRILL**'s whole force was coming. These men had been out on a scout and heard the fighting and come up. Those 15 men settled the battle. I lay there and bled for a while till some citizen came and got me. Then some of **QUANTRILL**'s came up and said they would take care of me. I was taken to a house and was kept there for a night. I was taken to **QUANTRILL**'s headquarters in a big cave in Jackson Co., Missouri. I was kept there a week and was moved to a widow woman's house by the name of Martha **DILLINGHAM**. I was from there taken to the house of one John **CURL** in Cass County my leg from this time being able to travel on. From there I was taken to a family named **BERRY** up on High Blue. Old man **BERRY** was a Kentuckian. There was in the neighborhood one Union man named **DEEDS**. I had been cautioned against him. He was always wanting me to come and live with him. One day while talking to him he said he had seen me at Lexington then asked me to take a walk. He went down and then up a hollow and came to a ledge of rock we went along until we came to a crevice. He pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to me. It was a discharge from the Confederate Army. He said he was discharged on account of his health. From that place I went to John **JACKSON**, a fine fellow but given to drink. There was a fellow came to see one of his girls. His name was John **SNYDER**. Every time he came he would get me out and offer to steal me a race horse and a rebel uniform from the camp but I insisted I was from Iowa. My wound was still running and if I had been caught it was enough to convict me as a spy. One day a girl whose father was a Federal soldier came out to **JACKSONs**. She wanted somebody to get her a horse. She was frightened of her brother-in-law who had come to her house drunk and was going to kill them all. I knew of a man who wanted a hired girl, so I borrowed a horse and took her down.

The above incomplete sentence concludes all the original recording that I have at this time. Obviously, there must have been at least one more page that has been lost. This rewrite causes my memory to recall other instances related at one time or another but nothing that helps in finishing either the last sentence or what may have followed. I do remember that after recovery from his wounds and being unable to immediately rejoin the army he spent some time with the **QUANTRILL**'s guerillas. I remember very little of what he may have related to me while he was with them. He was a staunch defender of **QUANTRILL** and fiercely denied him and his command of being guilty of the deeds attributed to them. According to him that was all Union propaganda. He was with **QUANTRILL** when **QUANTRILL** attacked and burnt the town of Lawrence, Kansas. He always defended this on the basis that the Kansas Jayhawkers committed similar acts in Missouri. I remember nothing related about the Lawrence episode except that when ordered with another soldier to drop back and burn a farmhouse just passed. Finding only women at the house they fired only an out building instead.

He described Quantrill's cave as a large cavern with several entrances and one large enough to take horses inside. It was stocked with food, ammunition, and horse feed.

\*Stories recalled by my memory and notes made when specified instances were told in more detail.

In the preceding story it is mentioned where he stayed for a period of time with a family by the name of **BERRY** and an incident in which a man by the name of **DEEDS** was concerned. I have another note that tells an entirely different story that incurred while he was with this family and concerned the man **DEEDS**. This following story I recall very well from memory and cannot explain the contradiction unless there is some confusion in the name on my part or possibly his.

In his association with **QUANTRILL** he mentioned the name of Frank **BERRY** often and apparently there was a close friendship. The other story follows:

### **STORY OF FRANK BERRY**

After a time in **QUANTRILL**'s cave after being wounded in Lone Jack I had got so I could walk around without limping and decided I should get out in the open. I decided I should find some private home where the people were loyal to the south and recuperate as quickly as possible and get back with my command. A fellow told me he knew a preacher on Blue Hill who would take me in and he took me to the home of Preacher **BERRY**. Mrs. **BERRY** was a fine motherly woman who insisted on making me as comfortable as possible. They had one son named Frank, a rather unhealthy looking and quiet young fellow. He was seldom around the house and talked only when necessary. These people told me I would be safe in the community although some of the people were loyal to the Union they wouldn't cause any trouble. They warned me I should beware of one man named **DEEDS** who was supposed to be friendly with the Jayhawkers. Some days later while Mrs. **BERRY** was washing and dressing my wound, this man **DEEDS** walked in the house before anyone knew he was around. Although he seemed very pleasant and did not refer to my wound I felt uneasy the rest of the day. When evening came I told the family I was going to sleep out in the woods. Young Frank then got his rifle and mine and a couple of blankets and some food and took me over the hill to a small cave and said he would stay with me. Sometime during the night we were both awakened by faint sound of shots. A glow in the sky showed in the direction of the **BERRY** house. We ran to the top of the hill where we could see the house in flames and a bunch of men around the fire. We sneaked down close to where we could recognize Jim **DUNCAN**, a notorious Jayhawker and neighbor **DEEDS** our good friend of the afternoon. We didn't see Frank's parents and as the men rode off without them we assumed that they had escaped. We did not approach the house that night as we feared they had set up a trap knowing that would be attracted by the fire. The next day we carefully approached to see a gruesome sight. Preacher **BERRY** was hanging in the woodshed and his wife was dead from several bullet wounds. The sight sickened me, and the sorrow and agony Frank's face showed made me turn away. We cut the body down and buried them together. By that time Frank's actions were mechanical and without any show of emotion. However, over the grave he swore an oath of vengeance that almost made me shudder. We left, and Frank asked me to take him to **QUANTRILL** so he could join his band. As we went down the mountain, Frank turned and led the way toward neighbor **DEEDS** house. It was empty but as we turned down the road I noticed two men watching from a field who then disappeared in the woods about 400 yards away. I didn't mention it to Frank until we were out of sight of the spot. Frank insisted that I wait there while he slipped around to see if he could see them again. After about half an hour I heard a rifle shot and a yell. Supposing that Frank had run into trouble I went as fast as I could in that direction. When I came up, neighbor **DEEDS** was laying dead and Frank was standing over him leaning on his rifle and crying bitterly. Frank afterward did join **QUANTRILL** and became associated with the **JAMES**, the **YOUNGERS**, and the **MORGANS** as a dead shot and an unmerciful foe. In my mind he was fully justified.

### **JESSE JAMES AND THE BLIND HORSE**

One day, Jesse **JAMES** hit me up to trade horses with me. We were just starting out on a scout of the country side and as his horse appealed to me we worked out a trade. We then separated, and I soon

learned that the horse was blind. I knew he would tell everyone about how he had beat me in the horse trade and I would be laughed at. Later in the day we came to a farm where there was a horse somewhat similar to mine and I convinced the farmer that we should make a trade. Late in the evening as we returned to the point where we were all to meet it was in the woods and there was a quite a bit of fallen timber. I supposed Jesse was already there and had told about the trade. I put my horse to a run jumping over the logs and fallen timber and dashed into camp. I insisted that the horse I had was the one Jesse had traded me and knew nothing about a blind horse.

### **FOLLOWED IN THE DARK**

I don't remember any of the circumstances but remember him telling about once when he was wounded he was staying at a house and that some of the neighbors were Union sympathizers. As some of them kept coming around it was supposed they were trying to find out if he was a Confederate soldier and would turn him in to some of the Jayhawker bands that roamed through the country side. He decided one day to move to another home where he was told he could stay for a few days. Believing he was being watched closely he decided to travel at night. He set out on foot without any arms on a road that ran through woods. He finally decided that someone was trailing him to one side of the woods. When he moved they moved, when he stopped they stopped. Finally, he felt around on the ground and found a couple small rocks. He rapped the rocks together to sound like he was cocking pistols and said, "whoever you are, I'm going to blow your heart out." He heard no one following him after that.

### **WILD BILL HICKOK**

I remember him speaking of Wild Bill **HICKOK**. I do not remember that he ever knew him but do remember him telling the story of how he got his name. History tells us that Bill **HICKOK** served the Union as a spy. Granddad says that he served the Confederacy as a spy. So, he probably was a counter spy and where his loyalty lay who knows. "Bill **HICKOK** while spying for the Confederacy was captured but later escaped. He was pursued into some swampy wooded country and being hard pressed hid in a large hollow tree that had fallen. Two Union soldiers searching for him stopped to rest and sat on the tree. One of them asked what the name of that fellow we are after. The other replied that he didn't know except that they called him Bill, the other soldier then said He's a damned wild Bill. **HICKOK** escaped and after telling the story became known as Wild Bill.

### **NOTES**

Franklin Leonard **FARNSWORTH** was the son of Thomas **FARNSWORTH** who was born in 1796 at Staten Island, NY. In 1821 Thomas, with his father Daniel and Grandfather also named Thomas along with his four brothers and their families moved to Buckhannon, West Virginia (just Virginia until the Civil War when the western half of Virginia broke off to be Union.) The move was made by ox train. The trip took forty-seven days and the total miles has been estimated as 442 miles.

Franklin was born in 1838 at Buckhannon. His mother was Catherine **SIMONS**. He was one of eleven children. It is interesting to know that his grandfather at one time owned a considerable portion of the lower half of Staten Island and considerable land in Middlesex, NJ. Why he chose to move to West Virginia and how he disposed of his NY and NJ properties is unknown to me.

Being born in Buckhannon, WV, how did it happen that he joined the Confederate Army in Missouri? Uncle Floyd has told me that in the late 1850's a wagon train left Buckhannon destined for the California gold fields. Granddad was with the train. The train laid over for the winter at Independence, MO. While there he met a local girl named Ann **GREER**, and when the train moved on in the spring he stayed behind and married her. To them was born two children, James who died while an infant and David. David survived and became a merchant living in Laredo, MO. Uncle Floyd visited David, perhaps more than once and in doing so met and talked with people who knew his father. Some of them his neighbors. In this way he learned considerable about this part of his life.

The **GREER** family and the area in which they lived were strongly pro-Union. For some unknown reason Granddad was pro-southern. It is hard to understand why he favored the southern cause. The **FARNSWORTH** family back in Buckhannon were pro-Union as was the Buckhannon area. His brother Thomas served in the Union Army Medical Corp. The story goes that some of the local people so

strongly disapproved his pro-southern attitude that there was talk of man handling of some kind. On learning of this, Granddad left and joined the southern army as related to me. For this his wife obtained a divorce. There is in his paper a letter from an attorney informing him of the divorce without payment of alimony. I do not remember the date. I seem to recall that at the same time father and son saw each other after his enlistment of the Army.

Another facet never mentioned by Granddad to me was that at the close of the war he was a prisoner of war at the Rock Island, IL Arsenal. I have never known when and where he was taken prisoner. I have wondered if there were existing government records that would give that information but have never tried to find out. There is in his papers a "Paper" issued by the U. S. Government bearing his signature stating that "In consideration of F. L. F. having taken an oath of allegiance to the U. S. and in payment of \$27.00 is pardoned and released from prison". The pardon is dated several months after the war ended. The story goes that he stubbornly refused to take the oath of allegiance and remained in prison until his brother Tom visited him and with persuasion and probably paying the \$27.00 cost obtained his release. Presumably then he returned to West Virginia and later remarried. His second wife was Martha "**CURRENCE**" **ZICKEFOOSE** the widow of a Union soldier who was killed in the war. She had one son John by her first marriage. To this marriage was born my mother, Emma, and her brother Floyd. I know very little about my Grandmother's family (**CURRENCE**). One time when visiting Aunt Mary **CLARK** at Mill Creek she informed me that my great, great, grandfather **CURRENCE** was buried in the cemetery near her house. We visited the cemetery and found the grave. There was a rather imposing monument stating that he had emigrated from County Ulster, Ireland and had been killed by Indians. There is a picture of Pat, Don, and the gravestone.

As mentioned elsewhere during the time he was with **QUANTRILL**'s command, he became acquainted with the **JAMES** boys and some of the **YOUNGER** brothers. From his stories it appears that he had closely associated with Frank **JAMES** and Cole **YOUNGER**. I also remember him mentioning others who in later years associated with the **JAMES** boys in their outlaw activities. He was with **QUANTRILL** in the battle of Lawrence, Kansas. Some of my Kansas friends who consider that a most dastardly deed, have been quite shaken when I have told them Granddad participated. I remember him telling that when they were marching on Lawrence, he and another soldier were ordered to drop out and burn a farmhouse. They didn't, and they burnt the barn instead. Uncle Floyd in his book "Saga of a Country Doctor" relates that when we were very small a stranger came to their home and stayed some time. While there he and Granddad spent much time in the woods and my grandmother was quite disturbed over the visitor's presence. Later in life he saw Frank **JAMES** and was convinced that he recognized him as that visitor. Sister Ina tells of when she was a young girl Granddad received a letter about which he was very secretive to the point of creating some discussion between the rest of the family. Having seen him put the letter in his trunk and it unlocked she looks at it one day when he was away. She remembers nothing about the letter except that it was from Frank **JAMES**. She then unfortunately, teased Granddad about having seen it and he then burned the letter. Granddad always insisted that Jesse **JAMES** was not killed by Bob **FORD**. He never supported this with any evidence other than flatly stating that if true, Frank **JAMES** would have killed Bob **FORD**. He could have had other evidence. I always believed that he did. In later years when several people professed to be the real Jesse **JAMES**, I corresponded with some of them. I asked questions related to incidents that Granddad had told about that involved Frank and Jesse **JAMES** and **QUANTRILL**'s command. None of them came up with the right answers. But ??

Granddad had a violent temper. I remember him only as an old man but vividly remember some true tantrums when one wondered if it wouldn't provoke a stroke. I remember times when he would get mad and his face would be fiery red which along with his white whisker and full head of still dark hair made quite a color combination. Once the chickens got into his newly planted tobacco patch and scratched up some plants. He got the shotgun and vowed to kill every chicken in the place. When he couldn't find any shells, he reared back and cut loose with the old rebel yell. We knew what it was because he had demonstrated it to us in good humor. I never heard him swear or use a vulgar word. It was my understanding that at some period he had been a minister in the United Brethren Church. I suspect

his ministry was that of what we now call a lay minister. I do not know if he was ever ordained. He liked to discuss the Bible with me and although I was more interested in his war stories some of his interpretations stand out in memory. He firmly believed that God would destroy the world by fire and that World War I was the biblical war of Armageddon.

Granddad was a dedicated democrat. Uncle Floyd describe him as an "Unreconstructed rebel without a gun". What a blow it must have been to have his son choose the Republicans for his political party. Uncle Floyd tells that he was a candidate for the House of Delegates he asked if Granddad voted for him. The answer was "No". He then asked him why not, and the answer was "I forgot". Uncle Floyd believed him. Upshur County was overwhelming Republican and there wasn't even a Democrat in the area to suffer with him. But he never missed voting. I remember one election when my father was away. It became a question of how could he get to the polls, a neighbor who owned a car refused to take him because his car wouldn't haul Democrats. Mother put him on the one horse available and walked beside the horse with him. It was probably four miles to the polls but he voted. It may have been the last time. As mentioned previously Uncle Floyd visited, perhaps more than once, his half-brother Dave who lived at Laredo, MO. Apparently, Laredo was in the vicinity of where Granddad resided during his first marriage. Uncle Floyd once mentioned that he had talked to people who knew Granddad while he was married and before he joined the army. He never clarified whether these were friends or whether they were those who opposed his pro-southern sympathy. Anyway, someone told him a story of how it came about that he was associated with the **QUANTRILL**'s command for a time. His story was that Granddad joined the army and was assigned to a mess group. At that time a mess group had to do their own cooking and the attendant duties. In the group to which he was assigned one member had bullied and cowed the others in the group into doing all of the dirty work. He tried the same and when Granddad refused started to beat him up. To defend himself Granddad got hold of a club and in turn beat him until the fellow died. Then Granddad in fear of reprisal deserted and joined the Guerillas. In light of his terrible temper it could have happened. However, I do not believe the story. If true, Granddad would have invented another reason and story. He would have avoided any discussion on the subject and around that period of time. Neither did Uncle Floyd place any credence in the story. I am sure he learned many more interesting things about him, truthful or not, and I regret that I never pressed him for more.

At this point there is little more I can think of to write about Granddad, other than perhaps some comment on his life with our family.

A description of him would be difficult although I seem to remember him well but only as an old man, stooped and always using a cane. I would guess that in his prime he was probably about 5 foot 7 inches in height and weighed approximately 140 pounds. He had a full head of dark hair always but a full white beard. I can remember trying to persuade him to shave so that I could see what his features were like. One time when I was trimming his beard I cut to about an inch in length. It didn't reveal much to me and he was pretty mad about it. According to Uncle Floyd he was never a compulsive worker and turned his hand from one thing to another. He could do carpenter work and had a full chest of tools, some of which are still in the family. He carried mail once by horseback over some pretty rough country. I remember that he had to ride late at night and can remember him relating incidents but only dimly. I vaguely remember a story about when he was riding late at night in an area called Painter Fork, so called because of the painters (panther) that has been seen in the area. Something dropped out of a tree overhanging the road onto his horse behind the saddle. I suppose it was concluded to have been a panther or wild cat but then they are not supposed to attack people.

I do not know when my grandmother died but my brother in 1896 can barely remember her. At that time, they lived in Upshur County in the area of the Cutright Chapel church. After her death Granddad lived with our family. Later the family moved to Braxton County on the little Birch River. I am told that Granddad spent much of his time fishing and done very little work after that. Until he died he always planted and maintained a tobacco patch sufficient for his own use. In 1912 we moved back to Upshur County near Alton. I was four years old at that time and about then is when my memory of him begins. As often predicted Granddad did die from a stroke but it happened at night on April 16, 1925. I



was sixteen years old. My mother woke me saying that Grandpa had fallen out of bed and to help lift him back in. The funeral was conducted according to the custom of country funerals at that time. The undertaker came from French Creek and embalmed the body at the house. Neighbors gathered the first night for a wake as was the custom. The body was then taken by a horse drawn hearse to the Cutright Chapel Church for a funeral service conducted by a preacher **FOSTER** who had been a close friend of the family in early years. The weather was rainy and cold and the roads muddy. Only my mother and I accompanied the hearse to the church. As I remember it, the trip took most of a forenoon. She and I rode horseback.

Due to weather conditions and distance neither Uncle Floyd or any of his family attended the funeral. My older brother and sisters were too far away to attend. As only two horses were available we were the only ones from our family at home that attended. I remember there were perhaps only a half a dozen people at the church service. He was taken to the Queens Cemetery possibly some four or five miles farther for burial alongside my grandmother and my sister that had died shortly after birth. Mother and I arrived home late at night wet and cold.

In the same year we moved to Akron, Ohio and it was many years before I first visited the cemetery. At the time it was with my family and my mother. Uncle Floyd had a stone similar to one at my grandmothers grave placed at his grave. The next time I visited the grave was in April 1975 when my wife with our children and all grandchildren visited the cemetery. It was cold and there was snow. I remembered what the weather was like when I was there on another April day fifty years previous. Among those visiting his grave that day were two bearing his name part. A great grandson "Donnel Franklin" **CLARK** and a great, great grandson Andrew Farnsworth **CROCKER**. That would have pleased him. And this reminds me Granddad disliked my first name so much that in the sixteen years I knew him he never once referred to me by other than my middle name. I often wished that others would do likewise.

#### FROM GREENVILLE TO LONE JACK

In the preceding story there is an instance where F. L. F. was cut off from the command was pursued but escaped from some Federal soldiers. Other notes differ in the details of the instance as follows.

On our march from Greenville I was with the rear guard of about a dozen cavalry. I turned off the road to get some water and when I returned I supposed they had followed the road. I proceeded at a fast pace when someone yelled "Halt Reb" and five Feds rode out of the woods into the road ahead of me. The road was bordered on one side of woods and on the other by a low rail fence with a farm house and some out buildings back in the field ways. They must have expected me to raise my hands and come up to them as they stopped their horses and appeared to wait for me. I turned my horse and spurred him to jump the fence and let out the rebel yell hoping that some of the bunch I had been with might hear me and come to my aid. They came after me shooting and yelling. I made for the buildings to get them between me and the Feds. I rode around a building right into a bunch of six or eight more Feds who were evidently party of the same bunch and were trying to flank and surprise me. I spurred my horse and rode right through the middle of the bunch. I guess I surprised them and they couldn't shoot for fear of shooting each other. I got another building between me and them and they were after me and me cut off from the road. I got into some woods with guns cracking behind me. I rode deeper into the woods and soon evaded them. I wandered around in the woods until night not venturing out in the open. I saw several squads of the enemy in the field and on the road. It appeared they were swarming all over the area. When night came I cut back into the road some distance from where I had been surprised. I intended to follow the road to a farmhouse and get some trace of the command. All of the people were southern, and I felt I could trust them. I met a farmer who was out possum hunting and after convincing him I was southern he told me the army was in camp about the miles away. He directed me to a road which took me into camp without any further trouble from the enemy.

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## QUERIES

1. According to my grandmother, Georgia **PITTS**, her brother Glenn disappeared in the 1920's and she never heard of him again. Glenn was born 20 July 1903 near Rinehart in Harrison County, WV. He is listed in the 1910 and 1920 West Virginia census as being a resident of Sardis District in Harrison County. In both cases, he is single and the son of his parents, James & Julia **PITTS**. He evidently lived with them in 1920. He does not show up in any records after this date. Glenn has a younger brother, Gibson **PITTS**, who was born in 1906, who Glenn is sometimes confused with. Gibson died in 1972 or 1974.. Any information regarding Glenn **PITTS** would be greatly appreciated. Robert M. **BLANKENSHIP** <[rmoganblm@aol.com](mailto:rmoganblm@aol.com)> 99 E. Dartmore Ave., Akron, OH 44301
  
2. Seeking a birth record, death record, burial record or will for Mary Elizabeth **FLESHER WEST**. She was the daughter of Andrew **FLESHER** and the granddaughter of Revolutionary War Patriot Henry **FLESHER**. She was married to Thomas **WEST** IN Ohio in 1916 and died sometime before the 1870 Roane County, WV, Federal census. Cindie **HARPER** <[harpergenealogy@gmail.com](mailto:harpergenealogy@gmail.com), P.O. Box 557, Morgantown, WV 26507
  
3. Seeking a birth record, death record and burial records for John Marshall **MORTON**. His parents were James **MORTON** (B 1820 Highland Co., VA) and Mary Jane **DEVERICKS** (b 1828) who were married in 1843. Mary Jane **DEVERICKS** was the daughter of John **DEVERICKS** and Margaret (**BOTKIN** or **BODKIN**) **DEVERICKS**. They both died in 1858 on Shaws Fork of tuberculosis (along with at least one younger child the same year. This resulted in John Marshall **MORTON** becoming an orphan and the siblings were split up between the **MORTON** and **DEVERICKS** families. According to the 1860 census, John Marshall **MORTON** and his brother Jared Morgan **MORTON** are living in the household of his uncle Edward D. **MORTON** along with his grandmother, Sarah **MORTON**. Cindie **HARPER** <[harpergenealogy@gmail.com](mailto:harpergenealogy@gmail.com), P.O. Box 557, Morgantown, WV 26507
  
4. Looking for proof that Hannah P. **BUSH**, born 25 AUG 1824 and married George **FLING** on 18 May 1843 was the daughter of Henry **BUSH**, born 1786. Hannah and George **FLING** had children named Henry, John, Margaret, William, George, Silas, Sarah, Mary, Hannah, Levi, Fanny and Michael I believe. David **POWELL**: [dpowellL@sytekconsultants.com](mailto:dpowellL@sytekconsultants.com), 10 Adler Drive, East Syracuse, NY 13057
  
5. Looking for proof of parents of Mary Jane **GREENLEAVES**, born 14 Aug 1809 and married Felix **NORMAN** in Harrison County on 26 October 1827, Were they George **GREENLEAVES** and Nancy Ann **BARNES**? David **POWELL**, [dpowell@sytekconsultants.com](mailto:dpowell@sytekconsultants.com) (SEE ADDRESS #5 ABOVE)
  
6. Looking for information about John and Mae **BLACK** who were the parents of Alpheus W. **BLACK**, born in Barbour County on 14 SEP 1831. Too many John **BLACK**s with wives

Mary. Has anyone sorted them out? David **POWELL**: [dpowell@sytekconsultants.com](mailto:dpowell@sytekconsultants.com) (SEE ADDRESS #5 above)

7. John Marshall **MORTON**'s father was James **MORTON**, son of James Morton b 1790 and Sarah **DEVERICKS MORTON**. His mother was Mary Jane **DEVERICKS** Morton who was the daughter of John **DEVERICKS** and Margaret (**BOTKIN** or **BODKIN**) **DEVERICKS**. I am hoping to locate records that could be used as proof of John Marshall **MORTON**'s parents. I have been able to locate a birth record, death record or bible records for him yet. I've only found his marriage certificate. Seeking any accurate information that would help me to "prove" this as I am working on proving his lineage to Edward **MORTON**, the Revolutionary War Patriot. I am happy to share the information and documents that I have collected thus far if anyone is interested. The best way to reach me is by email. Thank you! Cindie **HARPER** PO Box 557, Morgantown, WV 26507 [harpergenealogy@gmail.com](mailto:harpergenealogy@gmail.com)
8. Related to John Sloan **THOMPSON** of PA; son Homer Garfield **THOMPSON** born in PA, married to Mary Rachel **HENDERSHOT** lived in Weston WV (Coca Cola bottling) and after her death married to Mary V. **STRADER WEST THOMPSON** lived in Parkersburg WV (Dr Pepper bottling); daughter Mary Alice **THOMPSON** (parents Homer and Mary Rachel) married to Richard Brook **TAYLOR** (son of Powhatan and Ruhamia **SHOULDERS TAYLOR**); daughter Margaret Ann **TAYLOR** (my mother).

I started genealogy to initially find out if my great great grandfather, Powhatan **TAYLOR**, of Weston, WV was an Indian and what tribe he was from. My grandfather, Richard B. **TAYLOR**, always said his grandfather was an Indian. Unfortunately, all are gone to ask about this. However, in my years of searching, I have been unable to uncover any leads on this. His father was William Douglas **TAYLOR** 1808-1891 and his mother was Nancy (**GOFF**?) 1822-1880 of Rockingham VA, which later became part of WV. Powhatan is the youngest of William and Nancy's 13 children and the only one with an Indian name. He had a horse farm at Skin Creek. He married Ruhamia (Ruie) **SHOULDERS** and had daughter Flora "Ora" who married Fountain Ridgeway **HYRE** and son Fordy who married Lillian **BORAM** (parents of Richard B. **TAYLOR**). Throughout the censuses he is listed as **WHITE**. All the family is listed as **WHITE** as well. His 2<sup>nd</sup> wife was Arminta **LEWIS TAYLOR** and they had no children. Pow and Arminta are buried in Horner Cemetery.

A story my grandmother Mary Alice **THOMPSON** told me was that there was a woman near the town of Weston named Ruie that people were afraid of. Rumor had it that at night when you were near her place it would be all lit up and strange things would happen. However, she had no electricity in her house. Kids were afraid to go near there. I wonder if anyone else ever heard of this. The timeframe was around 1925 or early 1930s.. Any information on any of the above would be greatly appreciated. Rebecca **UTZ HUGHES**, 1023 Doctor Perry Road, Ijamsville MD 21754 [my2time1@comcast.net](mailto:my2time1@comcast.net)

# INDEX

**. MCVANY**  
 Floyd N, 29  
**ALLMAN**  
 Bertha, 4  
**ALLMAN COULTER**  
 Elaine, 4  
**ALLTOP**  
 Delilah, 28  
 Lewis, 25, 28  
 Sarah, 28  
 Sarah Ann, 28, 29  
**ARBOGAST.**  
 J.C., 14  
**ASHCRAFT**  
 John M., 15  
**BAILEY**  
 Carrie, 8  
 Christopher, 8  
 Dennis, 8  
 Eleanor, 24  
 Katie, 8  
 Melinda "Linda", 8  
**BAILEY MEYER**  
 Patricia, 30  
**BARNES**  
 Nancy Ann, 49  
**BEDELL**  
 Donna, 8  
**BENNETT**  
 Hunter, 7  
 Hunter McCauley, 7  
 John Jackson, 7  
 Jonathan M., 7  
 Mary Bland, 7  
 Phoebe, 7  
 William, 7  
 William George, 7  
**BERRY, 43, 44**  
**Mrs., 44**  
**Preacher, 44**  
**BLANKENSHIP**  
 Robert M., 49  
**BLUE JACKET**  
 Chief, 18  
**BODKIN**  
 Margaret, 49  
**BOONE**  
 Daniel, 22  
**BOOTH**  
 Capt. James, 18  
**BORAM**

Lillian, 50  
**BOTKIN**  
 Margaret, 50  
**BOWHANAN**  
**Col., 43**  
**BOWMAN**  
 Henry, 42  
**BROWN**  
 Audrey, 5  
 Vickie Osborne, 16  
**BUCKETT/BECKET**  
 Mary, 34  
**BUSH**  
 George Adam, 18  
 Hannah P., 49  
**BUTCHER**  
 Ed, 23  
 Edward B, 21  
 Gibson, 21, 22, 23  
 J., 23  
 Jared, 23  
 Jason, 20  
 Jefferson, 20  
 John Anderson, 20  
 Larry, 19, 20  
 Paul, 18  
 Paulser, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22  
**CAMPBELL**  
 Capt., 26  
 Captain S. H., 25  
**CATHER**  
 Jane, 24  
**CEGLE**  
 Gen., 41  
**CLARK**  
 "Donnel Franklin", 48  
**Avid Roy, 40**  
 Cap., 42  
 Mary, 46  
**COLE, 12**  
**COULTER, 4**  
**COX**  
 Ted, 19  
**CROCKER**  
 Andrew Farnsworth, 48  
**CROMLEY**  
 Ed, 20, *See*  
**CRUTCHFIELD**  
 Melissa Huff, 20  
**CUNNINGHAM**  
 Benjamin S., 16

**CURL**  
**John, 43**  
**CURRENCE**  
 Martha, 46  
**CURTIS**  
 Irma, 4  
**DAVIES**  
 Clive, 7  
 Cordelia, 7  
 Hunter, 7  
 Owen, 7  
**DAVIS**  
 Craig, 13  
 Leonard, 13  
**DAVOL**  
 Joseph, 34  
**DEEDS, 43, 44**  
**neighbor, 44**  
**DEFAZIO**  
 Joy, 31  
**DEUEL**  
 Harriet/Hattie, 33  
 Helen, 32  
 Ira, 32, 34  
 William, 34, 35  
**DEVERICKS**  
 John, 49, 50  
 Mary Jane, 49, 50  
**DEVOL, 35**  
 Benjamin, 34  
 John, 34  
**DILLINGHAM**  
**Martha, 43**  
**DOLLY**  
 Morgan, 20  
**DOUGLAS**  
 Edith, 7, 8  
**DOUGLAS DIPPEL**  
 Barbara, 8  
**DOYLE**  
 John, 15  
**DUFFEY**  
 Donna, 8  
**DUNCAN**  
**Jim, 44**  
**DUNMORE'S**  
 Lord, 18  
**DURR**  
 Ruth, 36  
**EARLY, 15, 26, 27**  
 General, 26

**EDKIN**

Ace Dimcan, 7  
Forest, 8  
George Jr, 8  
Phyllis, 8  
Ronald, 8  
Wayne, 8

**ELSIA**

Jaxon, 20  
Jessica Huff, 20

**EWELL, 15****FARNSWORTH**

Daniel, 22, 31, 33, 45  
Floyd, 29, 45, 46, 47, 48  
Franklin Leonard, 40, 45  
Thomas, 45

**FASCHING**

Mildred, 8

**FISH**

Bob, 19

**FLESHER**

Andrew, 49  
Henry, 49

**FLESHER WEST**

Mary Elizabeth, 49

**FOSTER, 48****FOX**

Cooper, 8  
David, 8

**FRASH**

Steve, 19

**GANTZ**

Christopher, 8  
Michael, 8

**GANTZ**

Catherine, 8

**GANTZ**

Connor, 8

**GARRETT**

Clydene, 8  
Diana, 8  
Jenny, 8

**GARRETT**

Bruce Hall, 8  
Emma, 8  
Gabriella, 8  
Helen Lucille, 8  
John Edward, 8  
John Thomas, 8  
Michael, 8  
Ted, 8

**GILLISPIE**

Emily, 14

**GOFF**

Nancy, 50

**GREENLEAVES**

George, 49

**GREENSLEEVEES**

Mary, 28

**GREER**

Ann, 45

**GUM**

Robert A., 14

**GUTMANN**

Lud, 16

**HACKER**

John, 10

**HALL**

Claude, 8  
Helen Lucille, 8  
Howard, 8  
Phillip, 8  
Richard, 8  
Septimius, 16

**HARPER**

Cindie, 49, 50  
Martha, 36

**HAYS, 15, 29****HENDERSHOT**

Mary Rachel, 50

**HEVENER**

Elizabeth A., 14  
Martha J., 14  
Mary E., 14  
Rachel P., 14  
Uriah, 14

**HICKOK**

Wild Bill, 45

**HILL**

Captain, 14

**HOAG**

Mary, 34

**HOFFMAN, 15****HOGAN**

Captain, 15

**HUBBARD, 41****HUFF**

Alan, 20

**HUGHES**

Col., 41  
Colonel, 42

**HUGHES BRANDON**

Roxie Ann, 7

**HULL**

Louise, 8

**HUNTER**

Gen., 16

**HYRE**

Fordy, 50

Fountain Ridgeway, 50

**INGLES**

Mary, 37

**JACKSON, 43**

"Stonewall", 21, 23, 25  
Henry, 21, 22  
John, 43  
Stonewall, 21, 23, 25, 26  
Stonewall", 21  
Thomas, 21, 22, 23

**JACKSON's, 12****JAMES**

Frank, 46  
Jesse, 44, 46  
Jesse, 44  
Martin, 9

**JENKS**

D. Byance, 34

**JOHNSON, 15, 42**

Caleb H., 32  
President Andrew, 14

**JONES**

Clarence Homer, 9

**JOYCE**

Winifred, 7

**KENNISON**

Elliott, 28  
Ira, 28

**KIDD**

Oscar L., 29

**KIEPPERT**

Marie Elisabetha, 18

**KRAMM**

Linda, 32

**KULP**

Sue, 32

**LAKE**

John H., 11

**LAMBERT**

Edwin B., 29

**LAW**

Charlie, 13  
Dr/ T, 34

**LAWSON**

Albert Francis, 34  
Aubrey Francis, 34  
Bertie Emma, 33, 34  
Dr. Aubrey, 34  
Maybelle, 31

**LAWSON POMEROY**

Maybelle, 33

**LEE**

General, 23

Robert E., 22  
**LESONDAK**  
 Patty, 3, 5, 31  
**LEWIS**  
 Colonel Andrew, 18  
 Jane, 10  
**LEWIS TAYLOR**  
 Arminta, 50  
**LONG**  
 George D, 14  
 James, 14  
 John W, 14, 16  
 John W., 14  
 Lafayette, 14, 15  
**LOWTHER**  
 Captain William, 18  
 Dwayne, 17  
 Ginnie, 17  
 Russell, 17  
**LUZADER**  
 Randall M., 16  
**Lydia REYNOLDS**  
 Lydia, 36  
**MARKS,, 15**  
**MAXWELL**  
 Lewis, 10  
**McCULLOCK**  
 Gen., 41  
**MCWHORTER**  
 Fields, 10  
 Henry, 10, 11, 12  
 Robert F, 10  
**MCWHORTER) WARD**  
 Betty Ann (, 11  
**METZGER**  
 Balthasar, 18  
 Georg Valentin, 18  
**MICK BROWN**  
 Audrey, 4  
**MOHR**  
 Martin, 15  
**MONTGOMERY EDKIN**  
 Flora, 7  
**MOONEY**  
 Ruth, 19  
**MORTON**  
 Edward, 50  
 James, 49, 50  
 John Marshall, 49, 50  
**MOSHER**  
 Sarah, 34  
**MYER, 16**  
**NEELY, 12**  
**NEWLON, 4**

**NICHOLSON**  
 Betty Ann, 4  
 Randall, 4, 11  
**NORMAN**  
 Don, 30  
 Felix, 28, 49  
**PAGGET, 40**  
**PEGRAM, 15**  
**PITTS**  
 Georgia, 49  
 James & Julia, 49  
**POMEROY**  
 Dan, 32  
 Daniel Edward, 33  
 Harriet, 31  
 Maybelle, 31  
**POWELL**  
 Alice, 28  
 Allie, 28  
 Ally R., 28  
 Anna M., 29  
 Dana Lewis, 29  
 David, 49  
 David W., 24  
 Delilah, 28, 29  
 Granville, 24, 28  
 John, 24, 28, 29  
 John F., 24, 25, 27, 28, 29  
 John Franklin, 24, 25, 29  
 John Willie, 29  
 Louisa, 28  
 Malinda, 28  
 Mary, 24  
 Mary Elizabeth, 24  
 Naoma, 29  
 Nellie, 28  
 Ora Maud, 29  
 Rebecca J., 29  
 Reuben, 24  
 Ruban, 28  
 Sarah, 24  
 Sarah A., 28  
 Sarah Ann, 24  
 Walter Franklin, 29  
 William, 24, 27, 28  
 William H., 24, 27, 28  
 William Henry, 24, 27, 28, 29  
**POWELL-MURPHY**  
**Cemetery, 29**  
**PRICE**  
**Gen., 41**  
**General, 41**  
 Marjorie, 4  
**PULLIN**

J.B.M., 15  
**QUANTRIL, 42**  
**QUANTRILL, 43, 44, 46, 47**  
**RECTOR**  
 John, 15  
**RICHARDSON**  
 Susan, 8  
**ROBERTSON**  
 James I., 23  
**RODGERS**  
 Marilyn Susie, 19  
**ROE**  
 James, 24  
 Sarah Ann, 24, 28  
**ROGERS**  
 Debi, 8  
 Evelyn, 4  
**ROWAN**  
 Cynthia, 32  
**RUFFNER**  
 David, 38  
 Ruhamia, 50  
**RUMBACH**  
 Christina, 19  
**RUMBAUGH**  
 Christina, 20  
**SALLEY**  
 John Peter, 39  
**SCOTT**  
 David M., 36  
**SHELBY**  
**General, 41**  
**SHOULDERS**  
 Ruhamia, 50  
**SHREVE**  
 Newton, 36  
 Newton G, 36  
**SHUTTLEWARIN**  
 Scout, 19  
**SIEVERS**  
 Anton "Bill" Bo;;, 8  
**SLACK**  
 Brigadier General, 40  
**SLICER**  
 Virginia, 9  
 William, 9  
 William Wheatley, 10  
**SMITH**  
 Barbara, 16  
 Cynthia W., 9  
**SNYDER**  
**John, 43**  
**SORRENTINO**  
 Betty, 8

**SOULE**

George, 31, 33, 34  
Mary, 34

**SPENCER**

Jim, 15

**STACK**

**General**, 41

**STEELE**

Charlotte Marie, 7

**STEORTS KAUFMAN**

Linda, 30

**STEVEN**

Addie, 36

**STOCKBRIDGE**

Hellen M., 34

**STRADER**

Mary V., 50

**SUAREZ**

Sharon, 20

**TAYLOR**

Powhatan, 50  
Richard B., 50  
Richard Brook, 50  
William Douglas, 50

**THOMAS**

**Sam**, 8

Susan, 32

**THOMPSON**

Homer, 50  
Homer Garfield, 50  
John Sloan, 50  
Mary Alice, 50  
Mary Rachel, 50  
Mary V., 50

Paul, 9

**TRIPP, 34****TURNER**

John P., 39

**UTZ HUGHES**

Rebecca, 50

**VANCE**

Alice Lee, 7  
Elizabeth, 14

**VANDORN**

**Gen.**, 41, 42

**WAGGONER**

Crystal V., 9

**WAGONER**

Marvin L., 9  
William L., 9

**WARREN, 15****WATSON JONES**

Ettie, 9

**WATTENBARGER**

**Jake**, 40

**WEBSTER**

John, 18

**WELLINGTON**

Marshall, 13

**WEST**

Mary **STRADER**, 50

Thomas, 49

**WESTFALL**

**Dr.**, 41

**WHEATLEY**

Virginia, 9

**WHITE**

Douglas, 8

Lawrence, 8

Luke Weldon, 10

Madison, 8

Matthew Weldon, 9

Melissa, 8

Michelle, 8

Nell, 8

Savannah, 8

Sydney Brooke, 10

Timothy Edward, 9

Thomas Weldon, 9

Thomas Weldon Jr., 9

**WHITELY**

Anna, 34

**WHITLOCK**

James Alexander, 33

Maybelle, 31

**WILLIAMS**

Cary L., 4

**WOLFE**

**Adam**, 8

Jensen, 8

**Jill**, 8

Max, 8

Mollie, 8

**YHARLING**

Liet. C.F.A., 15

**YOUNGER, 46**

Cole, 42, 46

**ZICKEFOOSE**

Martha, 46





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 Jim Bartlett  
 Karen Billey  
 Barbara Blass  
 David Boggs  
 Dr. Daniel & Mary E.C. Flesher Bolovan  
 Julia Elizabeth Stalnaker Bragg  
 Joyce K. Brannon  
 Audrey A. Mick Brown  
 Matha Byrd  
 Charles Carder  
 David & Karen Cartwright  
 Joyce Chambers  
 Rebecca Choco  
 Russell & Myrna Clark  
 Jerry Coffman  
 James & Dorothy Collins  
 Ronald Cooper  
 Ronna Cunningham  
 Irma Curtis  
 Lois Curry  
 Karen Dockstader  
 Gene Edwards  
 James & Mary Alice Egan  
 Lynn Firebaugh  
 Ada Lee Fitz  
 Eva J. Gaines  
 Rebecca Gamble  
 Jane Gilchrist  
 Joy Gilchrist-DeFazio  
 Dr. & Mrs. William G. Golden  
 Betty & Norman Graybill  
 Nettie Gregory  
 Francis Hause  
 William F. & Susan Hayes III  
 Ralph & Twyla Hinzman  
 Lora Ruth Hurst  
 Betty Ingle  
 Nancy Ann Jackson  
 Jean Conley Jasper  
 Jerry A. Kay  
 Tammy King  
 Kristina Larson  
 Melinda Larson

Sarah Lavorgna#  
 Dr. Patricia Mace-Leonard &  
     Cordell L. Leonard  
 Miriam Looker  
 John & Barbara McCoy  
 William J. McKinney, Sr.  
 Ellie McClain Maroon  
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 Kelli Dawn Merk  
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 Gayle Peterson  
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 Ann Powers  
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 Ardell Ratliff  
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 Dennis Rogers  
 Charles Roe  
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 Esther Dehaven Schilling  
 Neva R. Shaffer  
 Barbara Shaver  
 Louise Slaton  
 Clifford Taylor  
 Patricia Viellenave  
 Hilda Warner  
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 Cary L. & Donna Williams  
 Don Wills  
 Dan & Sandy Wilson  
 Rex Wilson  
 Raymond Wolfe, Jr.  
 Leonard Woodruff  
 # Denotes new Life Member

